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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE NATIONAL DEFENSE

BY FOX CONNER, MAJOR-GENERAL, U.S.A.

THAT "War to end War" was merely a slogan of propaganda seems to be established by the continued disturbed conditions of the world. There has been no single moment of world peace and tranquillity in the ten years which have passed since 1918. These years have recorded no event which now more than in the past insures the observance of international law without recourse to arms. Although our own soil has not been disturbed, American lives and property have each year since the Armistice been threatened and sometimes destroyed in widely separated quarters of the globe. It is not therefore inappropriate to take stock of the armed forces upon which we may again have to rely to maintain those principles upon which this Nation was founded.

Some knowledge of the development of public opinion is indispensable to any correct appreciation of the present condition of the National Defense. The Constitution of the United States imposes upon the Congress the duties of raising and supporting armies. The Congress is responsive to public opinion and the development of that opinion may readily be traced by examining the debates on the floors of the House and the Senate. Such an examination shows a better and better appreciation of the problems of National Defense. At the same time not a few present-day statements bear a striking resemblance to the wild outbursts of fifty or a hundred years ago.

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In the early days of the Republic public opinion, as reflected by members of the Congress, largely held the view that we could never be attacked and that as a consequence money spent on the National Defense was money wasted. For example, on March 22, 1810, Mr. Randolph, in advocating on the floor of the House of Representatives a bill reducing the Regular Army, said:

> With respect to war—We have, thank God! in the Atlantic, a fosse wide and deep enough to keep off any immediate danger to our territory. The belligerents of Europe know, as well as we feel, that war is out of the question.

The Regular Army was reduced; but it is well to remember that British troops stood on the soil of Mr. Randolph's native State within three years. In 1810 a section at least of public opinion held the Regular Army, and indeed trained troops of any kind, in abhorrence. On April 16, 1810, Mr. McKee said in the Halls of the Congress:

> Would any gentleman be willing to submit the defense of everything he holds dear, to men who have loitered out their days in camps and in the most luxurious ease and vice? . . . You could not expect but that they would take to their heels whenever danger assailed them. . . . In what, sir, does the strength of this Nation consist? In standing armies or fleets? No, sir, but in the affection of the people to the Government. They think and judge for themselves, and whenever war appears indispensably necessary, you may ask your citizens to turn out and they will do so. They will rally around the standard of the country, and present an united front to any foe.

A little over two years after Mr. McKee made this statement, four thousand untrained troops from his native State mutinied, abandoned "the standard of the country", and returned home. Our greatest political leaders of the period of 1812 seemed to be hypnotized by the idea that the untrained citizen could spring to arms and overcome any and all obstacles between the rising and setting of the sun. Thomas Jefferson, ex-President of the United States, wrote:

> The acquisition of Canada as far as Quebec will be a mere matter of marching, and give us experience for the attack on Halifax, and the final expulsion of England from this continent.

Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives, said:

> We have the Canadas as much under our command as England has the sea. I am not for stopping at Quebec or anywhere else, but I would take the whole continent.

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In the War of 1812 the United States employed more than 520,000 men, and at no one time did the British number more than 17,000, but history does not record the fall of Quebec, much less the submission of the Canadas. On the contrary, British troops entered our territory and sacked and burnt towns and villages throughout the extent of our frontiers, from the Great Lakes to Maine, from Maine to the Floridas, from the Floridas to the uttermost western point of our territory. At the close of the war the whole of Maine from the Passamaquoddy to the Penobscot was ruled and governed under the British flag. The treaty signed at Ghent on December 14, 1814, did not grant the "immunity from search and impressment" for which the United States went to war. But this treaty took away the privileges, which our New England citizens had enjoyed, of carrying on fisheries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Since the beginning of time men have proclaimed the immediate approach of the Era of Universal Peace. In 1842 the proponents of this belief brought about a reduction of the Army. Although definite harbingers of an early war with Mexico were numerous, Mr. Edwards, in the House of Representatives, on August 3, 1842, said:

> We have no prospect of war. . . . We have more reason to suppose that the world will grow wiser; and that the humane and oft-repeated wish of the wise and good, that the sword and the bayonet may be converted into the scythe and the plowshare will be realized.

Shortly before the outbreak of the Mexican War, February 14, 1845, Mr. R. Smith on the floor of the House of Representatives, in referring to the United States Military Academy, said:

> I am satisfied that we shall never have an efficient Army while this institution exists;

and Mr. Cary inquired:

> What distinguished officers have graduated at this school?

On February 19, 1845, Mr. Duncan seems to have included all regular officers in a denunciation of West Point on the floor of the House of Representatives:

> I speak of those who adorn their superior organs of speech with moustaches, and their inferior organs of speech with the imperial spot—those who carry

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more whiskers around and below their faces than brains under their scalps; toad-eaters and boot-licks to their superiors. . . . Again: permit me to enquire why appropriations are made year after year to that worse than useless institution, West Point Academy, a perfect system of profligacy and extravagance, a nursery of a popinjay aristocracy.

Since West Point is the most democratic of all our institutions, with its corps of cadets the most perfect cross section of the best we have in America, it is difficult to understand these attacks on the United States Military Academy. The words of General Scott, the victor of the War with Mexico, and himself not a graduate, should never be forgotten:

I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas, in less than two campaigns, we conquered a great country and a peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish.

Few, if any, wars have been so full of lessons for students of National Defense as our Civil War. Most serious students of the history of that war have reached the conclusion that an available field force of 50,000 fully trained and equipped men would have saved the country the lives of hundreds of thousands of her youth, billions of treasure, and untold suffering. Some there were who saw this in the beginning; in the Senate on July 10, 1861, Mr. Lane said:

I believe if we had had a standing army of 40,000 true men last January, the present disastrous condition which has overtaken the country would never have befallen it.

However, in 1861 there were but few who realized that untrained, unorganized, three-months volunteers could not carry through a war, and one of our most influential newspapers raised the cry "On to Richmond!" The Congress took up the cry and imperative orders were given General McDowell to begin the campaign which was to end so disastrously at Bull Run. So confident were the majority of Congress that making a soldier was merely a matter of putting a musket on a man's shoulder, that on July 19, 1861, the House of Representatives adjourned until July 22, so that its members could organize a picnic to witness the battle that was to end the war.

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Although we later forgot them, some of the lessons from Bull Run were immediately apparent. Soon after the battle *The Albany Evening Journal* said:

> We have learned, too, the importance and necessity of discipline. Effective troops, however excellent the material, cannot be found in workshops, the corn fields, or the city. They must have military training, without which every "On to Richmond!" movement will prove a failure.

In spite of all history, the idea that a Special Providence renders preparedness on our part a useless extravagance constantly recurs. On April 14, 1896, Mr. Livingston, in the House of Representatives, said:

> Now, Mr. Chairman, I do not take much stock in the danger of an early war with Spain or England.

Even Mr. Cannon said on the same day:

> I want to say that I do not believe we will have war the coming year,—no war this year, nor next year, nor the year after. I doubt if there will be any during this century or perhaps the early years of the next century.

Within a few days more than two years from the day on which these predictions of "no war" were made, the United States engaged in war with Spain. As in all of our wars, we then experienced dangerous delays and difficulties, not only in organizing and training the hastily raised forces but also in supplying them with the simplest necessities of the soldier. As always, the War with Spain was followed by strenuous efforts to divert attention from our failure to prepare. Charges of incompetence against the War Department were rife. On June 2, 1898, Mr. Cannon on the floor of the House of Representatives tersely stated the facts concerning the lack of uniforms:

> We could not have the uniforms on hand because the money had not been appropriated.

Following the War with Spain we had to undertake by force of arms the suppression of insurrection in the Philippines. To protect American missionaries and other citizens in China the Army was called on to send an expedition to China. In addition the Army was called upon to set up provisional governments in Cuba and Porto Rico. These problems, the acquisition of

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Hawaii, and the construction of the Panama Canal, awakened the interest of the country in questions of National Defense. Then, too, President Roosevelt and Secretary Elihu Root took an aggressive and active part in all questions pertaining to the National Defense. Not the least of Mr. Root's contributions to the cause was his rescue from oblivion of the manuscript of General Upton's *The Military Policy of the United States*. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this action. Published as a public document, the results of General Upton's studies were made available not only to members of the Congress but to a wide circle of thinkers and writers. For the first time the facts as to our lack of preparation, the true history of our wars, and the terrific dangers we had run as the direct result of mistaken policies, or lack of policies, were made accessible. General Upton set forth facts which emphasized not only the result of our lack of preparedness, but such glaring defects as ninety-day volunteers; lack of an organization capable of expansion in emergency; forgetting or ignoring the lessons of each war; inadequate training—in short all our principal shortcomings in National Defense as revealed by each of our wars. The recent history of the National Defense shows that we have profited from many of the lessons which so plainly follow from the facts presented by General Upton. But there is still a tendency to believe that each war is the last, and many of us are perhaps in the same attitude of mind as was Mr. Dies when in the House of Representatives on January 18, 1913, he said:

> God has placed us upon this great, rich continent, separate and secure from the broils and wars of Europe.

Our fancied isolation, however, received at least a temporary shock in the troubles that came to us immediately upon the outbreak of the World War and in the necessity of protecting our citizens against banditry in Mexico. Intelligent public opinion throughout the land demanded provision for the National Defense and the Congress undertook the task of formulating the National Defense Act of 1916. While there were great differences of opinion as to what should be provided, the debates on that act show that the Congress was practically unanimous as to the necessity for a substantial increase in the military establishment.

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The events of the World War and the reorganization of 1920 cause us sometimes to lose sight of this act of 1916. Not only was it the law under which we organized the armies which we put into the World War, but much of the act remains in force today. It is therefore desirable to recall the strengths provided under it.

That law provided for a Regular Army of 12,031 officers and 221,045 enlisted men, including Philippine Scouts. It provided for an Officers Reserve Corps, an Enlisted Reserve Corps, and a National Guard of about 435,000 officers and men. It provided for the adequate training of the National Guard and for camps for the training of citizens. Unfortunately only a small portion of the act had been realized when we were plunged into the World War. The actual strength of the Regular Army when war was declared on April 6, 1917, was a little over 121,000 enlisted men. The National Guard had about 66,500 officers and men in Federal service, with about as many more in their armories at home. In drawing conclusions from the World War it is important to remember that the 66,500 officers and men of the Guard still in Federal service on April 6, 1917, had seen a year's active service on the Mexican border. Many others of the Guard had been recently mustered out of Federal service after similar duty.

It was from a nucleus of a little less than 200,000 officers and men actually in Federal service that we expanded until on November 11, 1918, we had two millions of men in France with as many more preparing to come.

But our admiration of what we accomplished in the World War should not blind us to what could not be done nor to defects which under other circumstances might bring disaster. After we declared war it was almost six weeks before the Selective Service Act under which we were to raise the men required became a law. It was not until September 5, five months after the declaration of war, that the first men were called to the colors under the Selective Service Act. It was more than a year after the declaration of war when we put a single division into an active part of the line, and it was seventeen months before an American Army under its own leaders occupied the line. Practically all the guns and airplanes used by us on the front line were of foreign manufacture, as was also practically all of the artillery ammunition we fired at

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the enemy. The American Expeditionary Forces received ten tons of supplies from our Allies for each seven tons received from home. The men we had in France during the winter of 1917–18 were saved from nakedness by British-made uniforms. Even buttons to replace those bearing the crown of King George were in part made by our Allies. To the last our dependence upon our Allies was absolute in guns, artillery ammunition, airplanes, and tanks. The World War found us unprepared both in men and in matériel. The untold billions of money which we spent after the war was upon us could not relieve the Allies from the weary and critical months upon months of holding the line behind which we could prepare. In the end we played a decisive part, and the Armistice found us at least on a par with our associates. But what would have been the end if the French or British lines had crumpled at the time of the Caporetto disaster in the fall of 1917?

It would require a volume to enumerate the lessons taught by our participation in the World War. But in so far as the necessary laws are concerned, most of the lessons are summarized in the National Defense Act as amended in 1920. As amended the act provides for one Army in which the regular establishment is the least in size but is the keystone of the entire structure in organization and training. The lesson that higher organizations must be kept in being is recognized by the requirement of law that all components of the Army shall at all times be organized into brigades and divisions. The ever increasing importance of matériel is recognized by specifically charging an Assistant Secretary of War with the mobilization of industry. The general conception upon which the strength in personnel was based is best shown by the words of the act:

> The organized peace establishment, including the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the Organized Reserves, shall include all of those divisions and other military organizations necessary to form the basis for a complete and immediate mobilization for the national defense in the event of a national emergency declared by Congress.

Under this conception the act provided a Regular Army of 17,726 officers and 280,000 enlisted men. The National Guard was to have a strength of approximately 435,000 officers and men. The

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strength of the Organized Reserves was by inference left to the War Department for determination.

The act as amended provided machinery and strengths which made it possible for the first time in our history for the War Department to work out in every detail satisfactory and effective plans for the National Defense. The plans prepared by the War Department contemplated that the Regular Army would furnish the necessary overhead for all components, the overseas garrisons, the necessary schools and detachments both for its own training and that of the other components, and nine divisions for immediate use in an emergency. The National Guard was to furnish eighteen divisions in condition for immediate use in defensive missions. The Organized Reserves were to furnish the officer and enlisted keymen necessary to begin the organization and training of twenty-seven divisions. Each of the three components was to furnish the auxiliaries which in modern war are more than ever before essential to support and supply the divisions. It was the plan of the War Department that the Regular Army and National Guard would be called immediately upon the outbreak of an emergency, and that sufficient ammunition and similar items would be maintained in peace to supply their combined strength of twenty-seven divisions until production on a large scale could begin. The Organized Reserve divisions could under these plans not take the field until production got into its full swing. With the indispensable auxiliaries the Regular Army and National Guard divisions were to constitute three field armies numbering in all about a million and a half men, and this was the number for which it was proposed to provide ammunition and such other supplies as could not be procured promptly on the outbreak of war. Although in the World War we did not get artillery ammunition to the front in the nineteen months we were at war, it is generally believed that better planning will in the future enable us to get into quantity production in approximately one year. In a year's time then it would, under the plans, be possible to augment the Regular Army and National Guard battle order by such Reserve divisions as might have completed their training. It will be noted that the full peace strength provided by the National Defense Act for the Regular Army and National Guard

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is less than half the million and a half men which those two components were to number on a war footing. Since about six months are required to recruit and train the soldier, it would not be until the second six months that we could put a million and a half men in the field.

For a nation such as ours, a field force of a million and a half during the second six months of war can hardly be termed over-preparedness, nor could a force of seven hundred thousand, most of whom could at best be trained only for a purely passive defense, be similarly characterized. On the other hand there can be no question but that the plans which have been outlined were sound and wise, and if carried out would guarantee the National security.

But the forces contemplated in time of peace by the National Defense Act have never been provided. At the present time the Regular Army has less than 125,000 enlisted men, and the National Guard totals about 180,000 officers and men. The components on which we must exclusively rely during the first six months of a war are but little over one-third the strength contemplated by the National Defense Act. The Selective Service Act lapsed with the World War and we have no law, except for voluntary enlistments, for providing the men we would require in another emergency. It has become the fashion to measure National Defense in terms of dollars and not in requirements in men and matériel.

Of the three components, the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the Organized Reserves, of the Army of the United States, the Regular Army is in the most unsatisfactory condition. With the numbers on overhead, on duty with the other components, and in overseas garrisons a fixed minimum, any reduction in enlisted men in the Regular Army necessarily falls on units in the United States, and primarily on the Infantry, Cavalry, and Field Artillery. In addition, the beginning of an emergency is precisely the time when our need for troops at the various schools is greatest. The present reduced strength of the Regular Army makes it impossible for it to provide fifty thousand mobile combat troops. The training necessities of other components result in the mobile troops of the Regular Army being scattered through-

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out our vast territory. The organizations are so small that they can hardly be considered to be more than skeleton units which can conduct summer training camps for the other components. Shortage of funds coupled with the disgraceful condition of the shacks in which many of the troops are housed demand the use of the soldier as a common laborer to the undoubted detriment of his training. As a matter of fact this great Nation of nearly a hundred and twenty millions of people has not in home territory a single battalion, let alone a regiment or division, ready today to take the field at war strength or at any really effective strength.

To any one who studies our problems it must be apparent that the greatest defect in the National Defense is the lack of any force instantly available at war strength. This is true whether we consider a minor or a major emergency. A detailed study of the most powerful combination that can be imagined against us would show that a Regular force of three divisions and a Cavalry division (in all 75,000 men) instantly available for offensive operations, and backed up by the National Guard, would be worth more in actual defense than a million men raised in the second six months of war. We should at the earliest possible moment put at least one division on a war footing and keep it in condition for instant use. In the meantime our most crying need is adequate financial support to maintain what we now have in matériel as well as personnel. The National Defense costs money, but so do police, fire departments and other forms of insurance. The great body of the American people want adequate defense, but the enemies of such preparation are now, as they always have been, inertia, false slogans, and lack of information as to our actual preparation. Whether we have adequate defense or not depends entirely on whether or not the great body of intelligent public opinion takes the trouble to inform itself as to the true facts. Surely it is not too much that for a moment that opinion should Stop! Look! Listen!

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HOOVER

BY THE HON. GEORGE H. MOSES

AUGUST 2, 1923, was a fateful date in this country. A President had died and another President, in natural succession, took office. August 2, 1927, was also a fateful day in this country. The President who had succeeded, four years earlier, and who had confirmed his succession in his own right by the most sweeping of majorities, renounced his office. I say renounced, because no man doubts that Calvin Coolidge could have had another nomination, no matter what its digital designation, or that he could have had another election, though not by anything like the seven million margin which he secured in 1924.

The laconic sentence with which the President made known his decision found the country ill-prepared for it. With few exceptions, public men looked upon another Coolidge candidacy as inevitable. I was one of the small group who held otherwise; and I had not hesitated to say so. It required no great genius of political ratiocination to perceive that the Presidency is a sucked orange to Coolidge; that there is nothing for him in a continuance in the White House beyond the dubious kudos of having served longer than Washington, Jefferson, Jackson or Grant; that another term would be recognized everywhere as his last, and that in it would come the natural falling away from him of those politicians whose eyes are turned to the rising rather than the setting sun; that with this would come a slackening of his grasp upon Congress, never too secure; that his nomination, to be really prized, must come with substantial unanimity and with a great show of enthusiasm, neither of which could be guaranteed; and that the march of his ensuing term must not be written with excess of diminuendo. The Coolidge tradition runs in the ascending scale—from member of a city government to the Presidency; and, more than any of our public men, he observes the canons of consistency. His course was plain and he followed it.

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Nor is it possible to doubt the form of words which he chose to clothe his choice. We of New England, at any rate, know our vernacular. When Calvin Coolidge said, "I do not choose to run for President in 1928," he meant that he is not a candidate and that he will not be a candidate. Those who seek to read another meaning into his words are doing him no real service. Whatever else he may be—and I have heard many criticisms of him, in some of which I have joined—he is not a double-dealer. He is a man of whom one may tell what he thinks by what he says. Those who have declined to take him at his word may be readily classified. They consist of a group who see themselves fading out of the picture when he takes his departure and another group who have been taken by surprise and, not knowing what to do, are running around in circles and seeking to make use of Coolidge as a convenient hitching-post until they can reach a conclusion. At any rate no bill of attainder can lie against those of us who have foreseen that Coolidge would not again be our candidate and who were not taken unawares by his renunciation, though we had not expected it to come until later. I, for instance, had thought he would make his statement in December, when the assembling of Congress and the meeting of the Republican National Committee would synchronize. I had entirely overlooked the connotation of the anniversary of his accession.

But neither I nor those now acting with me have been at any time oblivious to the fact that Coolidge is bound to be a large factor in the approaching campaign. I do not mean in the sense that he will attempt to name his successor. This course would fit his tradition no better than any of the others which I have already named; and I doubt if he will lift his finger or raise his voice in this regard. But there is no doubt of the widespread confidence in and enthusiasm for the Coolidge policies. To continue them is the plain purpose of the great majority of the American people. Whoever carries the Republican banner in the campaign of 1928 must march under the Coolidge colors. Naturally, therefore, those of us who knew that Coolidge himself would not lead us have been casting about for the man who best could.

The natural sources from which to seek a President are the Congress, the Governors of the States, and the President's Cabi-

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net. Under circumstances as they now exist, the last-named has seemed to me the proper group from which to make the choice which will insure the continuance of the essential policies under which the country has been so prosperous and so contented. Five of the ten members of the Cabinet are inheritances, but all of them, through longer service under Coolidge, bear the latter's stamp the more plainly. They have sat at the council table with him when his plans have been formulated, and they have been his executives to carry these plans forward.

Among this group one man stood forth clearly as having had a larger experience and in a wider executive field than any of his associates: Herbert C. Hoover.

Hoover had come into the Cabinet following, and as an almost direct consequence of, a great career in executive positions in the fields of private enterprise and quasi-public life. All of his mature years had been spent as a mining engineer, as a directing force in large business organization, in administering Belgian relief, and in carrying on the work of food conservation during the war. He has thus been always in an occupation where it has been necessary to bring together large numbers of men—and women—to mould them into a compact and efficient organization, to demonstrate the largest possible tact and consideration, to secure the greatest return for each dollar expended, to stand up for the representative rights of those whose interests were in his charge. Is not this a catalogue of the major requirements for the successful administration of the Presidency of the United States? If a man has succeeded in doing all these things in other and varied fields of endeavor, and has done them superlatively well, why has he not the basis of past performance to warrant his serious thought of the Presidency?

To these we may now add another chapter of achievement. The Department of Commerce over which Hoover presides is the catch-all of the Government. In it are substantially a dozen more or less unrelated bureaus, dealing with subjects as diverse as mining, aviation and fisheries, so that it may be said to function in the heavens above, in the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth. Into it have been cast all these diverse elements, as into a crucible, and the Hoover solvent has fused them

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into a homogeneous executive substance whose fluid, yet stable, power functions effectively in far-flung fields. There is no friction in the Department of Commerce. One hears there no screech of slipping belts, no squeak of complaining pulleys. The well-oiled, well-adjusted machine proceeds efficiently amid all its complexities of function.

In producing this result Hoover has not, as some think, merely filled his Department with selected chiefs and subordinates who know no will but his. It is true that all who have ever served with him anywhere have soon become imbued with a sense of his compelling mastery of his task, and this, together with his eminent sense of fairness, his willingness to take counsel and his friendly consideration, has bred a wonderful loyalty in all his associates.

Hoover is a horse for work. As if the routine duties of his Department were not enough to engross his activity, we find him taking on many other duties which his chief or his own sense of service have laid upon him. He has become the "trouble man" of the Administration. A coal strike, a flood, each widespread in its disastrous effects, finds Hoover dispatched to the scene to find or to administer the remedy. And numerous organizations, not official in their nature but no less national in their character, find him as a moving spirit.

Is Hoover a candidate? He has not said so; but we are making a candidate of him. He is attending to his job as Secretary of Commerce; but we are carrying him to the people. It is surprisingly easy to secure a Hoover reaction almost everywhere. Among business men, among laborers, among farmers who farm the land instead of the farmers, among women voters—even among the politicians—Hoover sentiment has long existed and is growing. The business men have long recognized Hoover as one who comprehends their problems and who wants to help in solving them properly. The laboring men have found him sympathetic and helpful in all his efforts to adjust and ameliorate their conditions. The real farmers have seen him as an intelligent student of their affairs and seeking for a real remedy for such genuine ills as they have. The women of the country have always been with Hoover. The work which he conducted and

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for which he marshalled them in war time touched that vein of sentiment of helpfulness which all women possess; and, seven years ago, they constituted a large part of that impressive popular support which he had in the preliminaries to the campaign of 1920.

The politicians have been slow to see in Hoover anything of a kindred fellowship. They doubt his partisanship and they especially doubt his quality as an organization man and his willingness to "play the game." They cannot have observed him very closely in these last six years nor can they have listened to him very attentively. Hoover himself has said: "I am a partisan member of my party." He has vigorously declared his belief in that aspect of our constitutional system which makes for the two-party scheme of political control. He has not attempted to upset the accepted order. I am sure he will not do so as President.

There are many hurdles which Hoover must top before reaching the White House finish-line. His opponents will set them up; therefore I need not dwell upon them. But I think he will top them all. There is much political map-making these days. Most of it proceeds on the theory that a few leading candidates will dominate the Republican convention and will at last devour each other. Then the dark horse will be brought out to claim the blue ribbon. This is good political reasoning in general. It has one present flaw, however: We intend to make Hoover so strong between now and June that nothing of this sort will occur.

And—more than all else—he can not only be elected but re-elected. I do not fear for 1928. The scars which the Democratic donkey put upon himself in 1924 are still fresh and there are many of his grooms who take delight in showing them. But 1932 is another matter. Hoover will give us such an Administration that we shall hold and augment all those elements which have combined in two successive campaigns to give the Republicans their unprecedented majorities. The chieftains of my party may be content to play for the stake of a single term more of Republican control of the Nation. I am not. I want to foresee and to assure Republican control until the fourth of March, 1937. That is why I am for Hoover.

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ISLANDS FOR DEBTS

BY CHARLES H. SHERRILL

So widespread was the approval of the Administration's policy of adjusting the amounts to be paid us by creditor nations in accordance with their capacity to pay, (which resulted in our foregoing about fifty per cent. of those debts,) that one hears nothing more from the few bitter-enders who clamored for the "last cent". Fair-minded equity has routed the Shylock policy. Let us hope we have heard the last of those extremists. But, on the other hand, a new voice lately arose in the land; certain groups of learned Professors demanding that all foreign debts be cancelled and forgiven. German Professors were so constantly wrong during the war that one wonders if these American Professors are more infallible now than were then their Teutonic prototypes! One must be kindly in criticising the logic of Professors, because (unwittingly) they suffer from a distressing handicap, viz.: their audiences cannot answer back, so they lack practice in logic for defending their theses.

But is there not a middle ground between the two extremes of an intolerant Shylock and a benignant Professor lavishly surrendering to foreigners American savings invested in the Liberty Loans that provided the money now owed us by other nations? "Charity begins at home" is a narrow minded slogan, but nevertheless charity need not be exclusively reserved for foreigners; surely some may be expended upon our national needs and particularly our national defense.

The writer believes there is a way by means of which the burden of these debts upon foreign taxpayers may be lightened, while at the same time vital features of our national defense may be safeguarded. Such vital factors are the defense of the mouth of the Mississippi, that majestic artery feeding and fed by the heart of our great Middle West, and the Panama Canal, that water link between the coastwise commerce of our Atlantic and Pacific

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seaboards. Never let us forget that this canal doubles the value of our Navy, our first line of national defense, by permitting its speedy transfer from one ocean to another in case of need.

President Wilson's purchase of the Danish Islands in the Caribbean Sea will be even more heartily approved, as safeguarding an American peace in those regions, by our descendants than it is by us. Posterity will probably acclaim President Roosevelt more for championing the Panama Canal than for any other act of his Administration. All friends of President Coolidge hope that in similar fashion he will father the Nicaragua Canal, a waterway needed not only for our rapidly growing inter-ocean traffic, but also for doubling facilities for rapid transfer of our defensive war ships from one coast to the other. Present statistics of Panama Canal traffic show that it is approaching its limit of capacity, so there is no time to be lost in commencing construction of another such waterway. The world's commerce needs the Nicaragua Canal, and so do our own merchant marine and especially our Navy. The efficiency of our Navy would be vastly increased, and the safety of its transfer from one ocean to another materially advanced, by the possibility of its using two canals instead of one. At present an enemy navy and its airplanes need to watch only the Panama Canal. It would be a far different problem to watch two Pacific outlets from the Caribbean—a certainty would be dissolved into anxious guessing! By all means let us put the work in hand, and with that energy for which our constructive ability is famous.

But, says the reader, what has all this to do with lessening the burden upon foreign taxpayers engaged to pay back part of the money lent by American investors in Liberty Loans? Everything. Following and developing the principle of the original Monroe Doctrine, which excluded *new* European Colonies from the American Hemisphere, those foreign debts could and should be reduced or cancelled by the relinquishment by England, France and Holland of their islands and coastal possessions in and around the Caribbean Sea. These colonial possessions do not pay, but are a burden to English, French or Dutch taxpayers, and so that burden would be reduced as well as the greater one of their war debts. Thus those taxpayers would be doubly relieved.

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The chief value of those islands and those shore strips is as naval outposts of the Powers owning them, and they contain but few French, English or Hollanders from their own home countries. Naval outposts against whom? Look at the map. They confront the mouth of our Mississippi River, of our Panama Canal, and of our Nicaragua Canal that is to be. If they are possible naval bases against us, now is the time to use the war-debt situation to protect our taxpayers in the future, as well as relieve foreign taxpayers of today.

If they are naval bases against each other or against other foreign Powers, then all the more reason for our providing now against dangerous contingencies. We do not want any future foreign wars fought near the mouth of our inter-ocean canals or our Mississippi, so near us as to endanger our neutrality. Suppose the battle of the Falkland Islands (that significant contest between Great Britain and Germany) had taken place off British Honduras, close to the Panama Canal; would not our neutrality have been endangered far more than by a contest off a remote South Atlantic island?

It might have been untimely earlier to urge this protective step so obviously important to the principal water highway of the Middle West and the coastwise trade of both our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, but now is the time when, thanks to President Coolidge's fair minded policy of debt adjustment and Secretary Mellon's admirable conduct of it, definite totals have been assessed for those debts and payments begun upon all, even upon that Agreement still lacking ratification by the French Parliament. Now it has become merely a matter of book-keeping to transfer those possessions to us against reduction or cancellation of debts owed us by England and France. As for Holland, her continued mobilization for defense throughout the war so increased her national debt that her taxpayers would surely be pleased if we reduced their burden by purchase of Dutch Guiana and her adjacent islands.

One of the chief arguments for debt cancellation advanced by the learned Professors advocating it was that the Great War was as much our war as that of the Allies, upon whose territory it was waged, and that they took us in as full partners. But did they?

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Partnership means the sharing of assets. At the end of the war, what share did we ask or receive when the sharing of those assets took place? Nothing at all, thank Heaven!

Certain European statesmen have recently permitted themselves to say that American foreign policy lacks coherence, but they overlook our unanimous belief in the Monroe Doctrine. Democrats and Republicans alike support that splendidly defensive document which contains no thought of offensive militarism. Republicans as well as Democrats recall with satisfaction those far-seeing words of Thomas Jefferson in his letter of August 4, 1820, to William Short: "The day is not far distant when we may formally require a medium of partition through the ocean which separates the two Hemispheres, on the hither side of which no European gun shall ever be heard."

The Monroe Doctrine since its very beginning has been a progressive policy, and several Presidents have set up milestones which mark its advance. Let us consider a few such forward steps made in modern times. President Grant said in his message concerning Santo Domingo, May 28, 1870: "The doctrine promulgated by President Monroe has been adhered to by all political parties, and I now deem it proper to assert the equally important principle that hereafter no territory in this Continent shall be regarded as subject of transfer to a European Power." This means that the present European owners of colonies in this Continent would be infringing the modernized Monroe Doctrine by any *transfer* of these colonies; also we would feel it our duty to prevent any European creditor of any American Republic from exerting pressure over a cession of land. This forward step of President Grant reminds us that Congress had already in President Madison's time passed the Joint Resolution of January 3, 1811, to prevent England purchasing from Spain the territory which is now our State of Florida.

At the beginning of President Cleveland's negotiations with England in 1895 over the disputed boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana, Lord Salisbury flatly said: "The Government of the United States is not entitled to affirm as a universal proposition, with reference to a number of independent States, for whose conduct it assumes no responsibility, that its interests

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are necessarily concerned in whatever may befall them, simply because they are situated in the Western Hemisphere." President Cleveland disagreed with the noble Lord, greatly to the benefit of Venezuela as well as of our national prestige. His reply to Salisbury (contained in his message to Congress) was that the Monroe Doctrine, "important to our peace and safety as a nation, and essential to our free institutions . . . was intended to apply to every stage of our national life, and cannot become obsolete while our Republic endures."

Another important extension of the Doctrine is that Act of our Senate embodied in the so-called Lodge Amendment of 1912:

> Resolved, that when any harbor or other place in the American Continents is so situated that the occupation thereof, for naval or military purposes, might threaten the communications or the safety of the United States, the Government of the United States cannot see, without grave concern, the possession of such harbor or other place by any corporation or association which has such a relation to another Government, not American, as to give that Government practical power of control over it for national purposes.

It is doubtful if most Americans realize how significant an advance in the Monroe Doctrine was recently made by President Coolidge, and favorably received by the press and people of our country. It is the most recent milestone in the modernization of the Monroe Doctrine, and is quoted here because it takes into such patriotic account the protection of the Panama Canal. In his admirable address of April 26, 1927, before the United Press in New York City, he said:

> Toward the Governments of countries which we have recognized this side of the Panama Canal we feel a moral responsibility that does not attach to other nations. We wish them to feel that our recognition is of real value to them and that they can count on such support as we can lawfully give when they are beset with difficulties. We have undertaken to discourage revolution within that area and to encourage settlements of political difficulties by the peaceful mode of elections. This policy is bound to meet with some discouragement, but it is our hope and belief that ultimately it will prevail.

It is important to notice that these advanced steps taken during the Administrations of five great Presidents, either directly by them or by their influence through the Congress, have each and every one to do with defending the American peace of the

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Caribbean Sea. In Madison's time the subject matter was Florida, in Grant's it was Santo Domingo, in Cleveland's Venezuela and British Guiana, while the so-called Lodge Amendment of 1912 (strongly endorsed by President Roosevelt) had to do with the proposed sale of certain strategic Mexican property to a Japanese commercial company. President Coolidge's splendid advance concerns itself with the peace of all the Caribbean littoral, "this side of the Panama Canal".

When will there ever be a better time than now, since the adjustment of foreign debts to the United States, to gain that "medium of partition through the ocean . . . on the hither side of which no European gun shall ever be heard," so earnestly desired by the far visioned Jefferson in 1820? And, furthermore, now is the time to relieve the taxpayers of England, France and Holland, by reducing their national debts in exchange for their Caribbean possessions, while at the same time we safeguard for our posterity the mouths of our two inter-ocean canals and our Mississippi from dangers of wars originating in other continents than those of the American Hemisphere. Is not this a reasonable middle ground for international debt adjustment?

The foreign press gives its readers to believe that there is now under consideration by the leading European Powers an entire re-shuffle of certain Spheres of Influence around the Mediterranean Sea. That does not concern us; but we and our children's children are vitally concerned in readjusting the situation around our own Mediterranean—the Caribbean Sea.

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THE SORROWS OF MENCKEN

BY CATHERINE BEACH ELY

THE exile of Henry Mencken among us ignorant, naïve Americans is a tragedy of modern letters. Self-condemned to this unhappy existence by his own decision, and not by our insistence, he continues to afford us the unparalleled spectacle of his supreme condescension. He endures our stupidities and crudenesses with pained disgust. With what one would call a missionary's zeal, were not the concept missionary so foreign to his taste, he labors to convert us to the sophisticate's viewpoint. He abandons the civilizations of other lands, presumably more in harmony with his fastidious predilections, in order that we Americans may feel the contrast between his lofty intelligence and our inane futilities.

What desperate isolation, that of this apostle of pessimism stranded on the shores of cheerful, constructive America! Constructive—the very word makes the indignant Mencken shudder at the rawness of a nation bent on erecting its own destiny and well being, though undoubtedly this egregiously prosperous country of ours offers a convenient financial environment to the mental alien.

Mencken laments the blundering ineptitude of America's history. With consummate disregard for the fitness of things, we left an enlightened Old World in the Seventeenth Century and embarked in crude boats, landed upon crude shores, and began our crude career. Gathering momentum, our foolishness launched us into the international disagreement of 1917. Not content with the bourgeois obsession for engineering our own destiny, we must needs meddle in the affairs of Europe at a moment when our intrusion was most embarrassing to the theories of the defeatists and to the schedule of the Teutons—our absurd chivalry of 1917 was the bitterest dreg in Mencken's sorrow-cup. Since then he castigates us with the whip-lash of his exasperation.

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Increasingly we provoke his diatribes concerning our inferiority to a sophisticated Europe which he voluntarily abandons to dwell among us "boobs," as he airily designates us.

Our idiotic cheerfulness aggravates Mencken. Destitute of the acrimony which marks the superiority of the alien *literati*, we pursue our inferior bourgeois objectives with hopeful vigor, with candid and unseemly optimism. The world has been revolving on its axis since 1492, and America has not yet learned the proper attitude of cynical acquiescence to fate and of jesting unconcern for human responsibility. She insists on being useful and altruistic in spite of the oral and written precepts of our conspicuous intellectual, Mencken the Mentor. Full many a time he pushes us Yankees beneath the dark waters of pessimism, but unfailingly we bob up again on the life-preserver of our buoyant instinct for overcoming difficulties and dangers. In America apparently we cannot realize that conquering obstacles is obsolete.

Mencken deplores our antiquated regard for the sacredness of home, church, and history. We are so slow to learn that there is no such word as tradition in the lexicon of modern thought. Tradition implies affection for the past, whereas the Mencken school would have us understand that we have no past and no future worth cherishing, only the present for donning harlequin's attire and proclaiming the farcical futility of human endeavor.

Hero worship exasperates the cynics as the most foolish phase of tradition. To make a hero of an American is to imply that there is something fine in human nature and, worst of all, in American human nature. Acknowledging gratitude for a salient personality in public life runs counter to the sophisticate's assumption that gratitude is a weakness and that there is no greatness of character. Yet, in spite of Mencken's tutoring, incorrigibly stupid America continues to cherish her sacred memories and hopes. She persists in erecting monuments to her heroes, and in teaching her school-children to believe in Country and Flag—foolish America! disgruntled Mencken!

Patriotism heads Mencken's list of bourgeois offences. To be a patriot is to stir the risibles of advanced thinkers. How arrogant of America to value her experiences as a Nation, how

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tasteless her self-reminders of her evolution as a Republic! Columbus might better have remained comfortably in Italy; as for the Puritans, if they had foundered in the deep sea, we should have been spared the record of their austere follies. England was well rid of us, yet we are none the better for our independence. This dollar-chasing America presumes to prate of patriotism, to sing the glories of her birth, and to seek divine guidance. Mencken sorrows over all these childish tendencies, sorrows because our Nation will not cast aside her preoccupation with reminiscent emotions. Patriotism implies team-work, the submersion of the Ego, the upward look, the strong right arm, the romance of history, whereas Menckenism puts the individual in a vacuum and tells him to exist without the atmosphere of enthusiasm expressed in national service and devotion.

America is incurably religious, although Mencken points inexorably to the signposts of modern intellectualism. She persists in putting faith and will power above barren mental cerebration. Underneath her crust of materialism she cherishes spiritual ideals. America's spiritual energy angers Mencken, because he makes himself believe that the religion of America is synonomous with hypocrisy, superstition and wrong-headedness. What right have we Americans to the consolations and inspirations of piety—we least of all peoples!

For the Mencken school faith is demoded, aspiration a weak delusion. Yet America refuses to repudiate religion. She makes it the foundation of her institutions, the motive-power of her charities, the keynote of her progress. Mencken sorrows over America's narrow conformities, so contrary to the self-sufficiency of intellectualism. The American bourgeois blunders onward and upward instead of reclining at full length in the dry lands of Rationalism.

As an alleviation for the crass stupidities of the American "booboisie", Mencken has founded a school of congenial spirits. A select inner circle of Americans choose him as their guide and pattern. Our Menckenites form an esoteric band of superior minds, whose special function it is to deride all things American. They reflect his prejudices and imitate his cawings and croakings at our absurdities. Chief among them in stereotyped implicit

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obedience is Sinclair Lewis. Self-acknowledged star pupil of Menckenism, Lewis incorporates his master's theories into novels which put the dunce cap on America and condemn her to the dark corner as the world's most imbecile race.

Mencken's band of imitators—the bad boys of literature—console him for his grievance at sentimental America. He has imparted to them his swagger, his bravado. They jeer at the plain person, who in the grapple with life turns to sentiments which brighten the bleakness of an unkind environment by revealing a goal worth a struggle. Like street arabs pelting strangers in comely garments, they throw derisive epithets at the kindly virtues and gracious deeds which brighten sombre places.

They have the brawler's delight in destruction—the instinct to break the bright wings of idealism, to silence the song of hope, the flutter of expectation. They love to tease, to worry, to injure the purposeful citizen pursuing the round of homely existence. "What's the use!" they sneer; "your work is futile, your faith nonsensical, your courage childish—you poor dupe, you preposterous bourgeois!" Thumbing the nose, they scoff at the harmless effusions of life. Parades, both literal and figurative, with the old fellows in uniform, the young ones beating the drum and playing the fife, the applause and enthusiasms of the crowd as an outlet for human ardor, offend the superiority complex of the Mencken coterie.

Mencken, critic *in perpetuum*, assuages his vexation at our perverse Americanisms with the cup of malice which he prepares for himself. His caustic middle age will pass into tart old age spent in the America he disdains but refuses to desert. For, were he absent from foolish America, his occupation would cease. With no America to berate, his career would vanish, his mentality atrophy. Having stored up for himself no gentle thoughts, no mellow traditions, no mild benignant pleasures of the mind, how could he live in a land he did not despise? How could he endure a congenial environment after the bracing air of antagonism to all things American? On his peak of scorn he noisily bewails America; but he enjoys his sorrows.

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FARM PRICES AND THE VALUE OF GOLD

BY JOHN R. COMMONS

Professor in the University of Wisconsin

I

In the public discussion of so-called "Farm Relief" problems attention has been drawn to many of the causes of the present disparity between the prosperity of the industrial world and the distress in our agricultural region. The disparity has been attributed to the lack of foreign demand for the farmers' products, to the tariff, to excess production, to the inefficiency of the farmers, to the inability of the farmers to organize, and to other causes. In this discussion, however, another factor is usually overlooked—the effect of changes in the value of gold upon farmers' prices.

The value of gold, like the value of cotton or wheat, is its power to purchase other commodities offered in exchange upon the markets. In the case of other commodities we measure their value by a standard unit of a single commodity, gold, which a standard unit of the given commodity, a pound of cotton or bushel of wheat, will purchase. This is its "price". Price is the gold value of an arbitrary unit of the specified commodity in exchange for an arbitrary unit of gold. In the case of gold itself, however, we measure its unit value, not by a single commodity, cotton, wheat, iron, etc., but by an average of the prices of all commodities. This is the so-called "index number" of prices, or commodity price level. Inversely, it is an index of the changing value of gold.

The monetary disturbances since the beginning of the World War have familiarized the public with the changing value of gold. Taking the year before the war, 1913, as an arbitrary base, and calling the then average of all commodity prices in America 100, the index number rose to 247 in May, 1920, and fell to 138 in

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January, 1922. That is to say, the value of gold, which changes inversely to the price level, fell from an arbitrary 100 per cent. in 1913 to 41 per cent. in May, 1920, then rose to 72 per cent. in January, 1922. Again by March, 1923, prices had risen to 159, meaning that the value of gold had fallen to 63. There then came a fall of prices to 145; then a rise to 161, and a fall to 145 in July, 1927. Inversely the value of gold rose to 69, then fell to 62, then rose to 69, for the corresponding dates.

Of course, individual prices do not move up and down uniformly with the movement of the average of all prices, and herein lies the problem of farmers' prices. The total gold value of the farmers' crops is the product of the quantity produced multiplied by the gold value per unit of that quantity. In general, a large crop brings a low price and a short crop a high price, so that the *total gold value* of the crop does not change uniformly with changes in the gold value of a *unit* of the crop. This depends upon the law of supply and demand of the particular commodity relative to supply and demand of other commodities and of gold.

But this law of supply and demand has had curious distortions during and since the war. It is commonly spoken of as though the value of gold remained stationary. This error is serious, because gold is not only the common measure of the value of commodities, but is also the legal tender instrument through which the law of supply and demand operates. By means of the gold value of the cotton or wheat crop the farmers of cotton or wheat buy all other commodities, and thus they convert their gold value into the quantities of other commodities which they need. Even more important, the gold value of their crops is the means by which they pay their taxes and debts.

Realization of the error of a stationary value of gold will help us to understand some of the otherwise queer distortions of the law of supply and demand. Thus, in 1919 the world's cotton crop was twenty-one million bales and the American producers received an average for the year 1919–20 of 35 cents a pound at the farm. In 1921 the world's cotton crop was only fifteen million bales. In view of this, we should have expected the price to rise above 35 cents. But it fell to 17 cents for the crop year. A *decrease* of over one-fourth in the supply did *not* bring an increase

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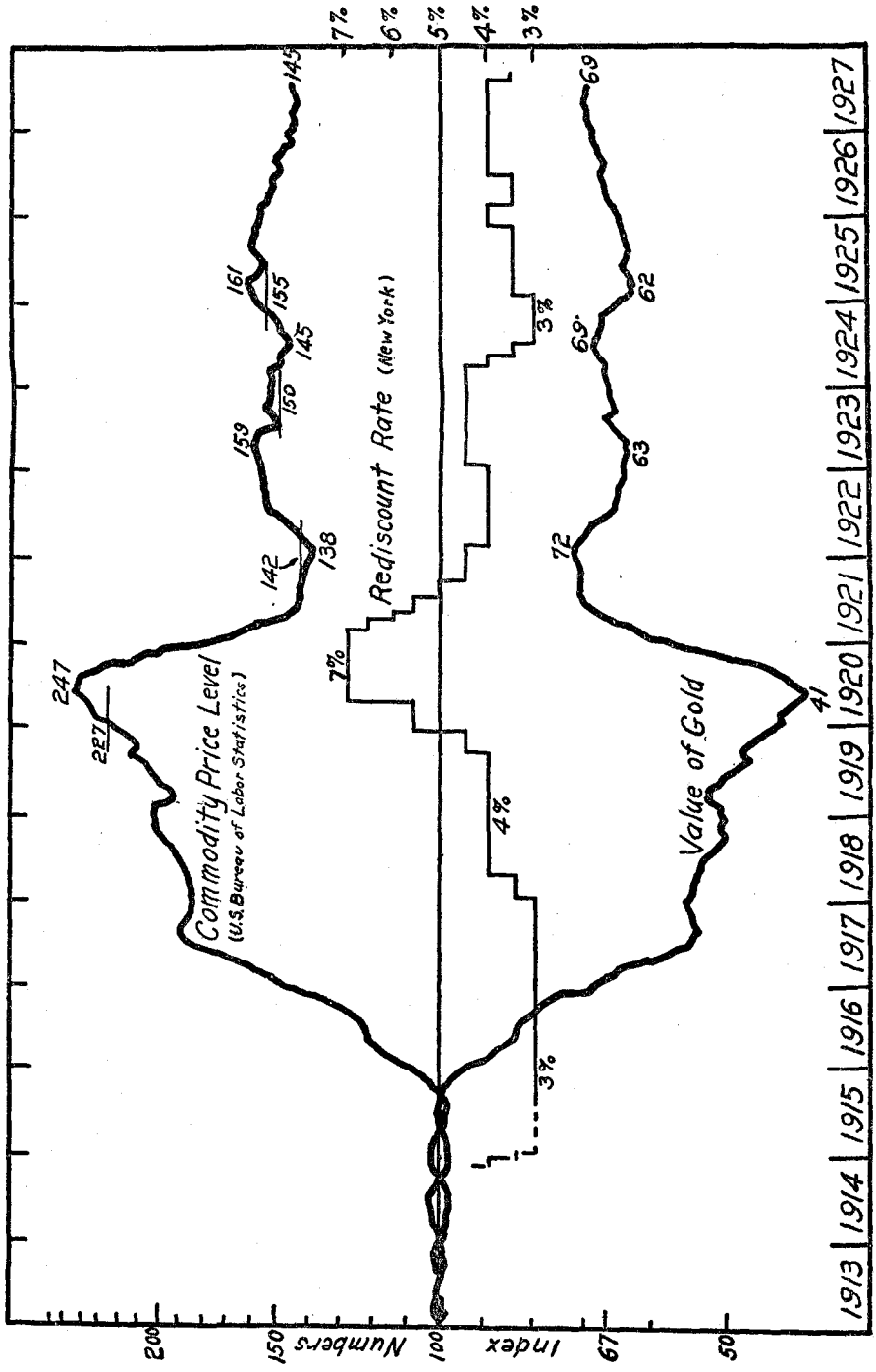

Chart I - Rediscount Rate and Value of Gold

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of the price, as the law of supply and demand, applied to cotton alone, would lead us to expect. It brought a *decrease* of over one-half of the price.

The annual averages of the prices of all commodities did not change as extremely as the foregoing monthly index numbers. The average of all prices for the crop year 1919–20 was 227 (*Chart I*). This fell to 142 for the crop year 1921–22, a fall of 37 per cent. But the fall in the average farm price of cotton from 35 to 17 cents for the crop year was a fall of 52 per cent. Hence, measured, not in gold but in other commodities, the average value of a pound of cotton fell, not 52 per cent., but only 23 per cent.; and, since the crop itself had fallen off 28 per cent., the total commodity value of the world's cotton crop—the total quantity of other commodities which the total crop would purchase—had fallen 44 per cent.

A reverse effect appeared in 1924. The world's cotton crop had increased to 24,900,000 bales, an increase of 62 per cent. over 1921–22. Notwithstanding this increase of supply, which would lead us to expect a fall in the price, the price rose to 23 cents, an increase of 35 per cent. over the price, 17 cents, in 1921–22. Meanwhile the general price level of all commodities had risen to 155 for the crop year 1924–25, an increase of 9 per cent. over the 142 of 1921–22. So that the value of a pound of cotton, in terms of other commodities, had risen 23 per cent. But since the world's crop had also risen 62 per cent, the commodity value of the total crop had risen 99 per cent. in 1924–25 above its value in 1921–22.

Something similar, but not so extreme, occurred with wheat. The average American farm price of wheat in 1919–20 was $2.19 a bushel, when the world's crop was about 2,800,000,000 bushels (excluding Russia and China). It had fallen in 1923–24 to 92 cents, when the world's crop had risen to nearly 3,600,000,000 bushels. The fall in price was 58 per cent., accompanying an increase in crop of 26 per cent. But since the average price level of all commodities had fallen from 227 in 1919–20 to 150 in 1923–24, a fall of 34 per cent., the value of a bushel of wheat had fallen in 1923–24, not 58 per cent. measured in gold, but only 35 per cent. measured by the average of the prices of all commodities.

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On the other side, since the world's crop had increased 26 per cent. above 1919–20, the total value of that increased crop in 1923–24—measured by the total quantity of all commodities it would purchase—had fallen 19 per cent., although the gold price per unit had fallen 58 per cent.

The reverse occurred in 1924–25. The general price level of all commodities for the crop year rose about 3 per cent. in 1924–25 above the level of 1923–24 (from 150 to 155), but the price of wheat rose 38 per cent. in 1924–25 and 58 per cent. in 1925–26 above its price of 1923–24. Converting this into the prices of other commodities, the commodity value of a bushel of wheat rose 34 per cent. in the crop year of 1924–25 and 52 per cent. in 1925–26 over 1923–24. But, at the same time, the world crop fell from 3,600,000,000 bushels in 1923–24 to 3,100,000,000 bushels in 1924–25, a decrease of 11 per cent. below 1923–24. So that the total value of the world short crop of 1924–25—the quantity of all commodities it would purchase—had increased only 22 per cent. in 1924 over the value of the larger world crop of 1923, although the price per bushel had increased 38 per cent.; and the total commodity value of the crop for the following year, 1925–26, increased 45 per cent. over the larger crop of 1923–24, although the price per bushel had increased 58 per cent. over the 1923 price.

The foregoing figures are, of course, only approximations and averages, but they indicate fairly well the magnitude of the shifting of wealth that has been going on in the matter of farmers' crops, due to both the changing value of gold and the changing size of crops. (*Chart II.*)

While farmers' gold prices have been moving in this erratic way, the gold prices of manufactured products and of non-agricultural raw materials have been relatively stabilized. Non-agricultural prices in general fell 41 per cent. in 1921 (from 250 in May, 1920, to 147 in January, 1922), but agricultural wholesale prices fell 52 per cent. in the same period (from 248 in May, 1920, to 120 in January, 1922). Again, while non-agricultural prices rose 8 per cent. in 1924–25 (from 150 in June, 1924, to 162 in February, 1925), agricultural prices rose 21 per cent. in the same time (from 137 in June, 1924, to 166 in March, 1925). Again in

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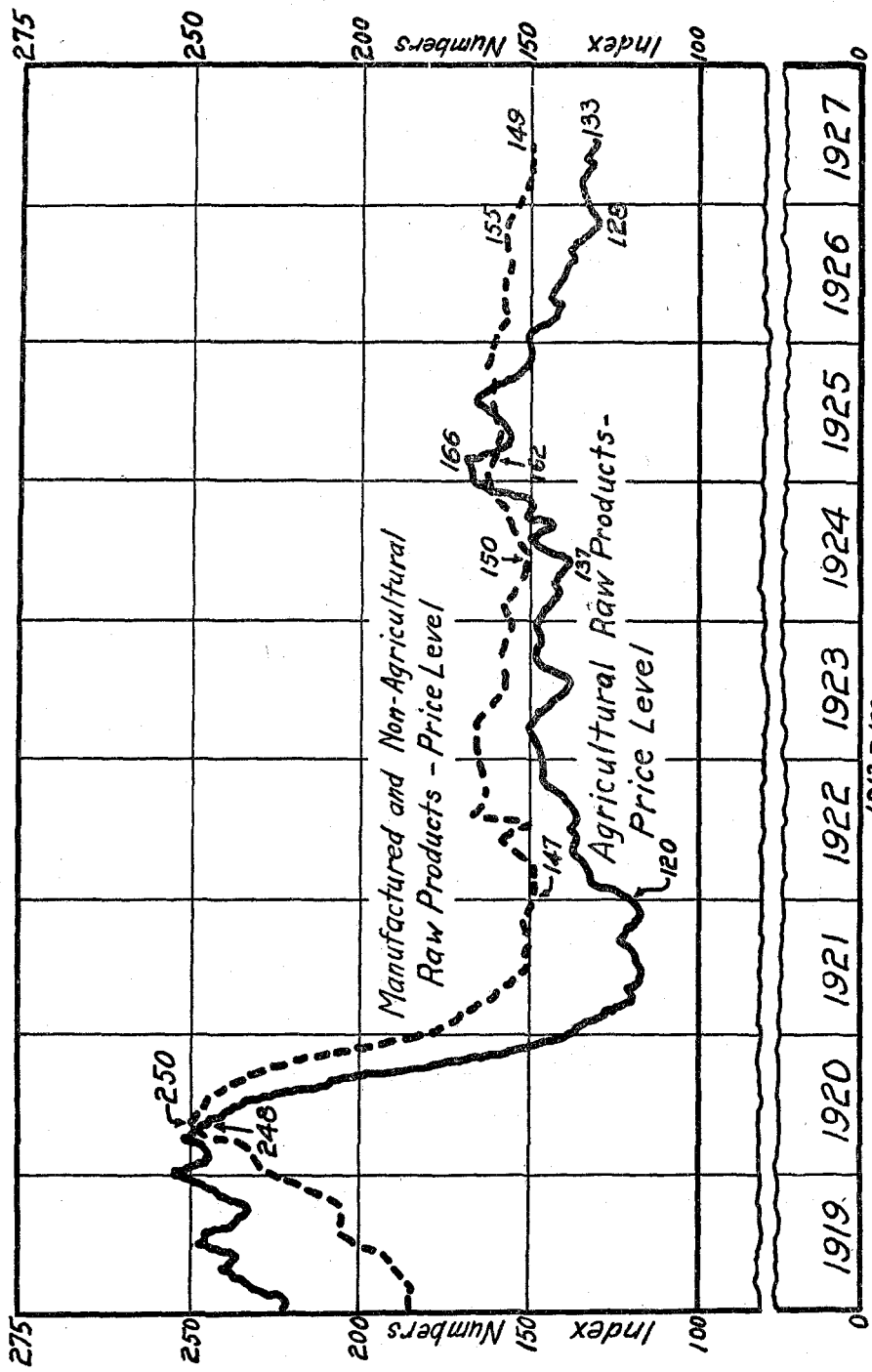

Chart II - Comparative Movements of Wholesale Prices in Agricultural and Non-Agricultural Industries

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1925–26, when agricultural prices were falling 23 per cent. (from 166 in March, 1925, to 128 in November, 1926), industrial prices were falling only 4 per cent. (from 162 in February, 1925, to 155 in December, 1926). In 1927, however, agricultural prices came up 4 per cent. (from 128 in November, 1926, to 133 in May, 1927), while non-agricultural prices fell 4 per cent. (from 155 in December, 1926, to 149 in May, 1927).

These differences between the fluctuations in agricultural and non-agricultural prices are explained in part by the fact that manufacturers have been learning, during the past twenty years and especially since the war, how to stabilize their prices and thus partly to counteract changes in the value of gold. They are learning to manufacture only after orders are received, as merchants have learned to buy "from hand to mouth", so that they do not pile up inventory in either finished goods or raw material. The farmer, however, starts producing six months or more ahead of his date of sale, and he has but little warehouse room of his own to hold the crop until orders arrive from consumers. Manufacturers, too, can lay off their workers and shut down their plants when prices fall, and take them on again and start up their plants when prices rise; and they have learned to accumulate reserves to pay interest and dividends when their plants are idle. But the farmer must keep his family going. He cannot stop feeding his live stock and thus retain former savings for reserves.

Manufacturers have also learned the ethical device "follow your leader" and "live-and-let-live". Formerly their competition was cut-throat, like that of the farmers at present. The large manufacturers would cut prices, destroy competitors and enlarge their business by taking over their competitors' customers and workers. Now they do not cut prices nor overproduce, unless the small competitor invokes discipline by cutting prices and overproducing. Competition displays itself in the arts of salesmanship without cutting prices. The consumer pays, the competitor lives. This is the live-and-let-live policy of modern business. It would not be practicable without a protective tariff, which shuts out the cut-price goods of foreign manufacturers—a barrier which does not equally assist the farmer. While the farmer sells the bulk of his staples in a world market of unregu-

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lated competition, the manufacturer sells in a tariff protected market ruled by live-and-let-live follow-your-leader ethics. This policy of not cutting prices preserved the United States Steel Corporation, strangely enough, from dissolution at the hands of the Supreme Court in 1919, and now the collective control of prices is the authorized American manufacturing policy.

This collective control explains, in part, why farmers' prices change more violently than other prices. The gold price of cotton in 1921–22, as shown, fell 52 per cent., and wheat fell 58 per cent. in 1923–24, when the general level of gold prices for the crop year, including cotton and wheat, fell 37 per cent. in 1921–22, and the net fall in 1923–24 was 34 per cent. In 1924–25 cotton rose 35 per cent. above 1921–22, and wheat rose 38 per cent. above 1923–24, while the general level of all prices for the crop year, including cotton and wheat, rose only 3 per cent. over the preceding year 1923–24, and 9 per cent. over 1921–22.

The farmer has not obtained the power of collective control, and so is exposed to the danger of excessive crops and changes in the value of gold.

This collective control policy has been extended by law to the money and credit market. Indeed its most notable instance is the Federal Reserve System, which now controls the world value of gold. One-half of the world's monetary supply of gold is now owned by the twelve American Reserve Banks. This gold cannot be used directly by the 10,000 member banks as their individual gold reserves. The member banks' lawful reserves now consist almost entirely of demand deposits, that is, credit balances at the Federal Reserve banks. If hand-to-hand currency is needed by member banks, they get it, not in gold, but in the form of gold certificates or Federal Reserve notes issued by the Reserve banks and calling for gold on demand. These twelve banks act as a unit in handling their gold reserve. Under direction of central committees and the Federal Reserve Board they are not competing banks—they are a system and they exercise collective control of member banks.

This follow-your-leader policy in American finance is not limited to the twelve Reserve banks and the 10,000 member banks. It extends to the whole world. The impoverishment of

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Europe, the need of paying to America nearly $1,000,000,000 annually in gold (or its equivalent) as interest and amortization of public and private debts, and the resultant Federal Reserve ownership of more than half the world's monetary gold, compel European central banks to follow the lead of the Federal Reserve system, which is now, in effect, the Central Bank of the World.

Furthermore, member banks are prevented, by the working rules of the Reserve system, especially since 1921, from borrowing at the Reserve banks at low rates of interest and then re-lending to customers at higher rates of interest, except in cases of temporary emergency. This means that one member bank cannot steal its competitor's customers by easier loans or lower rates, but all member banks must act alike, charging similar rates of interest and each taking only its fair share of the common fund of reserve credit, whose volume in turn is controlled by the Federal Reserve banks acting in unison as a system.

Evidence of this control of the volume of credit is the fact that the impounded gold of the Reserve banks amounts, at present, to about eighty per cent. of their deposits and note liabilities, whereas, according to the law, the Reserve banks might legally expand both the notes and the member bank reserves up to the point where the gold would be only 40 and 35 per cent. respectively of the Reserve banks' outstanding notes and member banks' deposits. That is, legally, they could double the present volume of notes and member bank reserves, if they so wished and occasion offered, thus practically doubling the present volume of commercial bank deposits and currency available for business and commerce, and still be on a legal gold basis. This, indeed, is what would happen if the member banks were allowed to compete with each other for business by expanding loans. And this is what did happen in 1919–20, when the Reserve banks themselves kept their re-discount rates down to four per cent. and expanded their Federal Reserve note issues and their loans to member banks to the legal limit. At that time the system did not attempt to control the expansion of loans by member banks, and the latter allowed prices to run up to 247 in May, 1920, in response to demands for loans by business customers.

This rise of prices was stopped and a deflation was produced in

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1920, when the system took control by rapidly raising re-discount rates—the prices charged to member banks for the use of the impounded gold reserve—from four per cent. in 1919 to seven per cent. in 1920. As a consequence member banks raised their rates to business customers from the previous five per cent. up to eight per cent. on the best commercial paper, and to even higher rates on other loans, and curtailed their advances or refused to loan altogether. This brought into play the psychological factors which reduced the demand from the business community for loans. Then the level of prices fell from 247 to 138.

What happened, we can see, is that by raising the price—the re-discount rate—for the use as credit of its impounded gold, and by urging, counselling and demanding curtailment of loans by member banks, the Reserve system reduced the volume of credit in use, thereby raising the value of gold and lowering the world gold price level of commodities.

The reverse operation occurred in 1922. The price (re-discount rate) for the use of gold as a basis of credit was reduced rapidly to four per cent. in 1922, and subsequently during that year the value of gold fell eleven per cent. (72 to 63), and inversely prices rose fifteen per cent. (138 in January, 1922, to 159 in April, 1923).

Since that time its power to exercise such control has been increasing by reason of an increased stock of gold, and at the same time, the Reserve system has learned a new method of control. It has learned not only how to control the *price* of credit, as in 1920,—the commercial discount rate charged by member banks, —but also how to control the *volume* of credit in use. This was learned in 1923, and is the now well-known "open market operation". If, for example, a Federal Reserve bank buys $1,000,000 in Government securities from a broker, it pays that broker by a check drawn against its own impounded gold—a "cashier's check". The broker sells that check to a member bank,—that is, deposits it,—receiving in exchange a commercial deposit credit, making an increase of $1,000,000 in the volume of checks which the broker can use as money. The member bank, in turn, presents the check to a Reserve bank. If the member bank is in debt to the Reserve bank, the check reduces the size of its debt and makes room for an additional loan of the same amount. If

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not in debt, the member bank receives an additional credit reserve equal to $1,000,000.

This increase in its credit reserve raises the loaning limit of the system as a whole, on the average, tenfold, because member bank reserves are legally fixed at a minimum of seven, ten, or thirteen per cent., averaging about ten per cent. All the member banks of the system, taken as a whole, may therefore lawfully increase their loans to business customers by ten million dollars, owing to this increase of one million in Federal Reserve credit to a member bank. Thus the increased limit to which all the banks in the country can increase the supply of deposits to be used as money by business men is about ten times as much as the amount of Government securities which the Federal Reserve banks buy on the open market in exchange for their cashier checks drawn against their own impounded gold. One result of this increased supply of bank credit is to reduce the rates of discount charged to business men by member banks on their commercial loans—an "easy" money market.

On the other hand, if a Federal Reserve bank sells $1,000,000 of Government bonds to a broker, it receives from the broker a check to that amount on a member bank. When this is charged against the member bank's account at the Reserve bank, the result is a reduction of $1,000,000 in the member bank's credit reserve, or a reduction in the reserves of other banks upon which the particular bank draws for deposit at the Reserve bank. This reduces the limit of lending power for the system as a whole $10,000,000, or ten times as much as the amount of Government securities which a Federal Reserve bank sells on the open market. Then the member banks, in order to keep within their legal limits, must either contract the total of their commercial deposits (which serve as money) by the amount of $10,000,000, or else enlarge their reserve credit by borrowing $1,000,000 at the Reserve bank. Since the member banks cannot so suddenly contract their loans to business customers, this operation is known as "forcing the banks to borrow". One result, however, is to force the member banks to raise the rates of discount on loans to business customers —to create a "tight" money market.

So important were these open market operations discovered to

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be that the Federal Reserve banks in 1922–23, approved by the Federal Reserve Board, took the initiative away from the individual Reserve banks which previously acted competitively, and concentrated it in the hands of an Open Market Investments Committee. Since then the open market operations have been conducted by a single committee representing the system as a whole. Thus controlling, as a unit, the open market buying and selling of securities, and consequently controlling, to an indefinite extent, the volume of reserves of member banks and, through them, the volume of commercial deposits which serve as the modern form of money, the Federal Reserve system controls to a greater or less extent, according to circumstances, the business situation and the price level.

Thus the Federal Reserve system has two instruments for controlling the value of gold. It can change the supply of credit by open market operations, and it can change the *price* of credit by changing its re-discount rate. While there are evident limits to the extent of this control, the two instruments have been used together effectively since 1922.

For, example, in the early part of 1922, the Reserve banks, not then acting in concert, bought $400,000,000 of Government securities in the open market, thus raising the legal limit of member bank deposit liabilities, for use by customers as money, approximately four billion dollars. This was accompanied by a lowering of discount rates, a general rise in prices during 1922 to April, 1923, from 138 to 159, and a fall in the value of gold from 72 to 63. On the other hand, beginning in the latter part of 1922, the Reserve banks, now beginning to act in concert, sold $400,000,000 of securities in the open market. This forced the member banks to restore their impaired reserves by borrowing from the Federal Reserve banks $500,000,000 in order to maintain the legal reserve of deposits in the Reserve banks against their customers' deposits. This, in turn, reduced the limit on their legal capacity to lend to the public about ten times as much, or four billion dollars. This, again, forced member banks to raise the interest rates on business loans. In this way, only a slight raise of the re-discount rate was needed, in 1923, to stop the inflation of commodity prices and the deflation of the value of gold. The inflation of prices and de-

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flation of gold had started in 1922, but was stopped in April, 1923. But the deflation, starting at 159 in April, 1923, ended with a fall in the prices of commodities to 145 in the early part of 1924, and a corresponding rise in the value of gold from 63 to 69.

Again, in 1924, when there was great distress in agriculture owing to falling prices, accompanied by threats of radical legislation and a Presidential election impending, and especially when it was desired to help European countries to get back upon a gold basis, the reverse process was started. Open market securities were purchased to the amount of $470,000,000, thus increasing the legal lending power of member banks by ten times that amount and adding a possible $4,700,000,000 to the purchasing power of the public. Also the rate of rediscount was reduced to three per cent. in New York (*Chart I*), and there then occurred the remarkable rise of prices (or fall in the value of gold) in 1924, which we have already mentioned. But in 1925 securities were again sold on the open market, the rates of re-discount were raised, prices fell from the peak, 161, in March, 1925, to 145 in July, 1927, and inversely the value of gold rose from 62 to 69.

Thus the Federal Reserve system has learned by experience how to control the value of gold for the entire world through open market operations and changes in re-discount rates, accompanied by effective publicity, advice and moral suasion.

It was an effort to use this knowledge gained by this experience that brought on, in September, 1927, a crisis within the Federal Reserve system itself and attracted the attention of the public. The Open Market Investments Committee had bought, during August, about $640,000,000 of Government securities. These purchases would raise the lawful limit of the lending power of member banks about ten times as much, providing potentially $670,000,000 of additional bank money. Concurrently, eight of the Reserve banks reduced their re-discount rates one-half of one per cent., which would permit member banks to reduce their commercial rates by about the same amount.

But the Chicago Reserve Bank, contrary to the advice of the Federal Reserve Board, refused to reduce its rate. The Board then took action and ordered the Chicago Reserve Bank to reduce its rate to the lower level of the other Reserve banks. It obeyed

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the order but protested, and spokesmen for it claimed, according to newspaper reports, that the Federal Reserve Board exceeded its lawful authority and that the reduction of re-discount rates was an "inflationary measure". The action of the Federal Reserve Board was reported to have been taken by a divided vote of four to three, the four members coming from the Mississippi Valley, the three members from Massachusetts, New York and California.

It will be noted that this procedure in 1927 is a repetition of the procedure of 1924. There had been, in the former years, a fall in prices from 159 to 145, and the inverse rise in the value of gold from 63 to 69. But, by buying on the open market $470,000,000 of securities, and by reducing the re-discount rates from four and one-half per cent. to three per cent., the remarkable rise of prices occurred from 145 to 161, with its fall in the value of gold from 69 to 62. Furthermore, in that year, as above noted, the prices of agricultural products rose twenty-one per cent., while non-agricultural prices rose only eight per cent.

Repeating this experience, there had been, as shown above, a fall between 1925 and 1927 in the general level of prices from 161 to 145 and a rise in the value of gold from 62 to 69. And at the same time there had been a twenty-three per cent. fall in agricultural prices (to November, 1926) while the fall in non-agricultural prices was only four per cent.

It is not surprising that the members of the Federal Reserve Board from the agricultural sections of the Mississippi Valley should insist on repeating the practice of 1924. Instead of regarding it as an "inflationary" measure, they might properly look upon it as a "restorative" measure, seeing that the deflation was caused by the system, and also knowing that the system has the power, by selling securities and raising re-discount rates, to check inflation, if it desires, when the level of 1924–25 has been restored.

This split between the majority of the Federal Reserve Board and the Chicago Reserve Bank apparently confirms, by a majority vote, the conclusions reached in the foregoing pages. *The Federal Reserve Bulletin* for September, 1927, states the conclusions of the majority. It says that during the month of August—

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The discount rates at eight Federal Reserve Banks were reduced from four to three and one-half per cent. and there was a corresponding reduction in the rates charged on bankers' acceptances. These reductions were supported by purchases of United States securities by the Reserve banks. Money rates in the open market, which had been tending downward since midsummer, showed a sharp decline following upon the reduction in Reserve bank rates, and the lower rates in this country have been an influence causing funds to be transferred to foreign money centers where higher rates prevail, with the consequence that Sterling and other exchanges have advanced. This advance of Sterling and of other European exchanges will assist foreign buyers in making their autumn purchases of grain, cotton and other American farm products. Thus the establishment of lower rates for money in the United States at this season of the year is facilitating the marketing of American crops and, at the same time, by relieving the pressure for funds on foreign banks, is exerting a favorable influence on the international financial situation.

This statement expresses, indeed, the expectations of those who apparently intended to repeat the process of 1924 described above, when the rise of the general price level, by the purchase of securities and reduction of rediscount rates, was accompanied by a rise of twenty-one per cent. in agricultural prices and a rise of eight per cent. in non-agricultural prices. The division of the Board on this matter of policy brings the question into practical politics, and will receive consideration in its relation to other questions in the next number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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MEET THE MAYOR

BY FOSTER WARE

At a meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of the City of New York, Mayor James J. Walker, sitting in judgment on a matter involving the petition of a coal company to construct a pocket in the environs of Jamaica, Long Island, relieved himself of the following profound sentiment:

"I don't know anything at all about it."

It was one of the few utterances of "Jimmie" Walker's on that occasion which did not call for a laugh. Translating the tone of voice rather than the mere words, the thought which he seemed to be trying to convey was: "This sort of thing makes me sick. I am the Mayor of New York. It is a large job. Doubtless coal pockets in Jamaica are important, but such matters seem to me among the things which a Mayor should not be asked to bother his head about. Am I right? We will now pass on to the next item."

Confessions of this sort are becoming commonplace in New York's City Hall, and to some they are refreshing. They seem to mark the end of an old era and the beginning of a new one. "Jimmie" Walker has served two years as Mayor of what his predecessor used to call the Wonder City of the World, and to date he has politely and resolutely declined to become pontifical in office. If New York is indeed a Wonder City—it cannot have changed completely since Hylan went out—"Jimmie" Walker wants no one to infer that he is a Wonder Mayor. There is much that he doesn't know the half of. In a nice, pleasant, casual way he likes to let the people "out front" understand this.

The people "out front", incidentally, constitute that limited part of the population which actually does meet the Mayor. Gad about as he will, the Mayor of New York must sooner or later come face to face with the little group of serious citizens who always show up at a public hearing. He may choose his other

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contacts, but this one is thrust upon him. He cannot escape it. Periodically the doors of the old Council Chamber are ceremoniously thrown open, the members of the Board of Estimate file in, and a motley array of men and women elbow their way into the old-fashioned pews which are reserved for the public. The capacity of the chamber, I should say at a guess, is not more than three hundred. Since Mayor Walker opened his show, the room has seldom known anything but a full house.

Traditionalism surrounded these meetings with the Mayor, until Walker took office. In the fiery days of Hylan, the high-pressure efficiency days of Mitchel, and the severely magisterial régime of Gaynor—to go back no further—there always was a certain air of dignity and grandeur about the proceedings. Walker has banished that. Other Mayors may have declared war on Graft, taken up the cudgels in behalf of Efficiency and a Business Administration, struck out heroically for the People and against the Interests. These feats of statesmanship are not in Walker's line. Militancy he has, of a sort, but it hides behind a mask. He would rather floor an opponent with a "wise-crack" than overwhelm him with a convincing argument. It seemed to some unthinkable that this method would ever supersede the standardized City Hall procedure. Yet it has been functioning now for twenty-four months, and if there is any diminution in its effectiveness the signs are not visible to the observant eye.

In the vernacular of Broadway, Walker's show is still "going over big". At the end of two years it still is a "wow". Having established himself in the estimation of his public as a "kidder" and a master "wise-cracker", he could not now extricate himself from that rôle even if he wanted to. One often wonders, looking over the room at a public hearing, what all the people are there for. Relatively few of them ever really take part in the discussions. My guess is they are there to hear "Jimmie" Walker "pull a good one". He rarely disappoints. The man who in his salad days wrote *Will You Love Me in December as You Did in May?* is nothing if not conscious of his duty to his public. Perhaps he subconsciously realizes that, after all, they made him what he is today. Certainly without the aid of their timely bursts of laughter he would be hard pressed to hold up his end of a

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debate in municipal government. The chorus is as essential to Walker's jazzy administration as it was to the drama of the ancient Greeks.

Walker has the Irish-given gifts of a quick thinking apparatus and a glib tongue. While others are addressing the chair, you can almost see him formulating a well-chosen "snappy comeback". Whether he favors a motion or not, it will do no harm to kid it—a little. The public must have its laugh. A word from the Mayor will get it. He picks his cues with an actor's intuitive sense of the right moment. Instinctively "the public" sets itself for the sparkling word. There is a holding of breath in the rear seats, an instant of suspense, a hush of expectancy for what the Mayor is about to say. You experience nothing like it outside of the theatre.

Let no one infer that the Mayor of New York maintains a claque or that Tammany is packing the hall with a troupe of trained laughers. The Mayor's contribution to the joy of living is given spontaneously enough and the laughter which it evokes bears all the earmarks of the real article. Nevertheless there is just a suspicion that the Mayor enjoys the mirthful proceedings somewhat less than he did in the beginning. He is compelled by his reputation to carry on. Such is the power of suggestion that the good citizens in the rear seats have persuaded themselves that every word he utters is pretty sure to be funny. It is a heavy responsibility to place upon any man's shoulders. But Walker has never shirked it.

He rather likes this part of his job, I imagine. His fame as a puller of "nifties", a fashioner of snappy lines, has spread far. Whether or not it has been well and fairly earned may be questioned. "Wise-cracking" today is a specialty, a profession. Some men make a living by it. Perhaps, if he had to, Walker could, too. But as a professional he would find himself judged by more exacting standards than those set up by his City Hall "public".

Consider, for instance, an average day's output from the "Jimmie" Walker "wise-cracker" barrel. It is at a regular meeting of the Board of Estimate. The "public", as usual, is present. The following are from notes taken on the spot:

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THE MAYOR, *apropos of something:* Everybody has a business, a profession or a racket. (Laughter) . . . I don't write letters and I don't read letters. (Laughter) . . . *To a long-winded lobbyist with whom he has been very patient:* Now listen, I've yessed you long enough. (Loud laughter) . . . *To the same gentleman who remonstrates, "But my dear Mr. Mayor—":* Not dear but expensive. (Snorts and chuckles) . . . *To the long-winded citizen again:* Listen; can't we two boys play after hours? . . . *To a viewer with alarm:* Just where do you keep this private detective bureau of yours? . . . *To a speaker who announces he has almost forgotten what he wanted to say:* It don't make any difference here. You don't have to remember anything—just talk right along. (Ha-ha-ha) . . . *To a member of the Board:* Did you ever appear before the City Planning Committee? Yes? You're a brave man. (Salvos) . . . *To the public at large:* Everybody wants coal but nobody wants coal pockets. (Murmurs of amused approval) . . . *To a speaker on the Budget who says he will deal briefly with the police:* You'd better or we may have to call in a couple of them. (Unrestrained laughs) . . . *To another who protests he wasn't accusing the Mayor:* Well, you've got an awful tricky way of complimenting me. . . . *To a pleader who cannot stop talking:* Did you ever hear of the eight-hour law? . . . *To a veteran lobbyist who has grown slightly deaf in the service:* That's the most accommodating ear I ever met . . . (Random shots): He didn't use wool soap either—it shrunk a little . . . That ought to be referred to the aquarium . . . Let's get a search warrant . . . (Laughter *ad lib.*)

I am assured that the day on which the foregoing sallies were noted was a typical day and that the Mayor was in his usual good form. From observation I might add that the "public" seemed to be in excellent form. Seldom had the back seat warmers enjoyed so many good hearty laughs. As to the quality of the humor there may be varying opinions. As to the cause which it serves, no doubt can exist. "Jimmie" Walker today is more popular with his constituents than at any time since he became Mayor.

His credo—if it may be called that—is, Be Yourself. He stands ready to meet all comers on that basis. He is enormously patient with the dull, slow-going, long-winded, self-important bores who infest his office and consume hours of his time. He only asks that they concede his right to go his own way even as they go theirs. Nor must they take it amiss if all they get for their pains is a Walker "wise-crack" or two. Look at the portraits on the surrounding walls and then at Walker. Plainly styles in Mayors have changed.

His fondness for clothes is as notorious as his tardiness at

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meetings. He may arrive late but he is always dressed to the minute. He possesses a boyish, straight-lined figure which is the delight of the tailor. Though he may dress (in some opinions) not wisely but too well, being fond of tight-fitting suits and symphonic color schemes, the Walker apparel proclaims not merely the man but the town he rules. A certain establishment advertises clothes "in the New York manner". That describes the Walker wardrobe. Parisians, when they saw him, called him *chic*. He unquestionably is the first Mayor of New York who ever could have achieved this distinction. Judging by the portraits of his distinguished predecessors he is also the first Mayor to attain that nice balance between cuff and coatsleeve which is the despair of so many would-be "good dressers".

Perhaps he stepped out of his class, as they say in the ring, when he entered the Mayor's office. It had always been regarded as a job for political heavyweights. He is admittedly no heavyweight, either physically or intellectually. It is a question whether he qualifies even as a light-heavyweight. But as things turn out, that does not matter. Indeed his very deficiency in respect to the "larger aspects" of his job has been converted into an asset. He is glad to turn over large and intricate matters, like the transit problem, to abler and more experienced men. Even in the matter of establishing a coal pocket in Jamaica he will rely upon the advice of others rather than pose as an expert himself. But when it comes to handling delicate situations, such as determining the closing hour for night clubs or welcoming the largest Swiss cheese in the world, no one can turn the trick more neatly and with more reflected credit to the city than the Mayor himself.

Added to other accomplishments, he has a good radio voice and a face which films well—qualities not to be overlooked in present-day office holders. Nature and training endowed him with a larger assortment of the so-called social graces than were given to Tammany Mayors of old. These he has capitalized to his own and his party's advantage. But it is the "wise-crack" that distinguishes him above all else. This is his Excalibur. He relies on it in all crises. It has never failed him and probably never will. For he has the good sense not to laugh at his own jokes.

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ULTRAVIOLET IN MODERN LIFE

BY DONALD C. STOCKBARGER

A THING which is growing increasingly popular and yet is not a fad must have some genuine good in it for the public. Ultraviolet radiation, often referred to as a ray or as invisible light, is one of these things. True, some fads are likely to appear among the uses of every good thing when public attention is directed toward it, but the legitimate uses are stable and will remain so for all time. Photographers, criminologists, chemists, physicians, theatrical producers, archæologists, physicists, dentists, biologists, botanists and a host of others are employing this interesting radiation in their trades and professions. The layman, after reading of the wonders of this invisible agent, is likely to arrive at the conclusion that it is both new and mysterious. It is neither.

The discovery of ultraviolet has been attributed to Ritter, who in 1801 found that certain light-sensitive chemicals were also sensitive to an invisible radiation beyond the violet of the visible spectrum. His experiments had to do with silver salts such as are used in making photographic paper. Nearly all discoveries are traceable to earlier findings, and so here we can turn back through our histories of science to 1666, the year in which Newton discovered the visible spectrum. When he separated the spectral colors of sunlight by passing a beam of the latter through a glass prism, he was close to finding the ultraviolet rays. But Newton's eyes, like our own, could not see them, and, having no reason to suppose that anything of the kind existed, it probably never occurred to him that a search should be made for invisible colors.

Gamma rays, which are emitted by certain radioactive substances, X-rays, ultraviolet, which is not at all the same as violet ray, visible light, infrared or radiant heat, and electrical waves such as are used in the transmission of radio programmes and wireless messages, all belong to the same family. We believe

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them to consist of energy transmitted through space in the form of waves. Physicists have for years been unable to agree on how the energy is able to travel, but there are several facts which have been established, viz.: It travels at the tremendous speed of about one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second through space which has been made as devoid of matter as the best of modern vacuum pumps will permit; it has this speed, no matter to which branch of the family it belongs; and it behaves in many ways like sound. It has long been established that sound travels in the form of waves, and it is known that the waves from two tuning forks which vibrate at slightly different rates, i. e., emit sounds of slightly different pitches, produce a beat note which is a sound of much lower pitch. The same thing is responsible for the disagreeable sensation sometimes received when bells which are not properly tuned are played in unison. Light exhibits some of the same properties as sound in the laboratory and, therefore, we are led to the conclusion that it is composed of waves. In passing it may be of interest to mention that the annoying heterodyning sometimes experienced by radio listeners is often due to nothing other than a beat note produced by two broadcasting stations operating on slightly different wave lengths.

Sound and light belong to entirely different families. The one in which we are interested is known as the electromagnetic spectrum. The waves of which it is composed vary in length as we go from one end of the spectrum to the other, from an extremely small fraction of a millimetre to thousands of metres, the order of increasing wave lengths being the same as the order in which the members of the family were given above. Wireless waves might be compared with the largest waves on the ocean, and ultraviolet rays with the tiny ripples along the shore.

White light, instead of being one particular kind of radiant energy, is really a mixture of many kinds, each of which we call a color. Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red are the colors with which we are familiar, but the physicist in his laboratory is able to distinguish a great many more distinctly different hues. On the short wave length side of violet, in the ultraviolet region, the artificial eye of the scientific laboratory is able to

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distinguish still more colors which cannot be seen at all by the human eye. In general, names have not been given these invisible colors; they are described by their wave lengths, which are of the order of magnitude of two ten-thousandths of a millimetre. Each of these kinds of ultraviolet has its own characteristic properties and is as different from the other kinds as blue is from green or red. This fact is of great importance and is one which is generally overlooked by those who speak of ultraviolet. Sadder to say, it is too often overlooked even by those who are attempting to make use of it. It is as essential to consider the color of the ultraviolet ray as it is to note whether the traffic tower light is red or green.

Ultraviolet colors being invisible, it is not always easy for the user to determine the composition of the radiation; it may be made up of one or many different kinds. He should, if in doubt, consult some authority and not make the common mistake of assuming that his ultraviolet will do the same thing as that of his physician or chemist. For example, certain of the sun's ultraviolet rays are responsible for the sunburn so readily obtained in the summer. These same rays experience considerable difficulty in passing through smoke and heavy layers of air, and therefore do not reach the earth's surface in such abundance in the winter. This fact, and not that it is cold, accounts for the slowness with which one receives a sunburn in winter. At high elevations, as on snow capped mountain tops, sunburn is common. Exposure for hours or days to ultraviolet from which the burning rays have been excluded is attended by no discomfort.

Red glass is colored because it is unable to transmit the other colors of light. No known substance is colorless in the ultraviolet, but quartz and fluorite and a few other materials transmit a great many of the invisible colors and are therefore generally more valuable to the ultraviolet worker than are the glasses, no matter how colorless they appear to the eye; for the latter are, with few exceptions, opaque to most ultraviolet colors.

Often we see the statement that common window glass is opaque to ultraviolet. Such a statement is false. What should be said is that the glass is opaque to a few kinds of solar ultraviolet, and not that it does not transmit ultraviolet at all. As a

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matter of fact it transmits a large percentage of the solar ultraviolet energy. The particular invisible colors which it does not transmit are believed to be of great therapeutic value, and, therefore, materials which are transparent to them have been developed to replace ordinary window glass. We find fused quartz, special glass and various flexible materials on the market, nearly all of which transmit to a certain extent the kinds of solar ultraviolet which cannot pass through ordinary windows. The choice depends upon how efficiently the material transmits the desired rays, and upon the cost. A wide variation in these factors is offered.

All very hot objects emit infrared, light and ultraviolet, the relative amounts of each depending upon the temperature. The sun, the filament of the modern electric incandescent lamp, and the crater of the carbon arc are good examples of such sources of ultraviolet. Flaming arcs, particularly the quartz mercury arc, and electric sparks, are powerful sources. It is well known that the visible colors of these various sources are decidedly different; they vary in appearance from red to blue and even white. Likewise, the invisible colors are far from being the same. The ultraviolet radiation from one source may not be able to do at all that which the radiation from another can accomplish.

The quantitative measurement of ultraviolet radiation is a fascinating art. The rays are directed upon a very thin, blackened strip of metal, where they are absorbed and converted into heat. The resulting minute increase in temperature of the strip is measured by means of a sensitive thermometer capable of detecting a few millionths of a degree rise. Such a thermometer is ordinarily an electrical device requiring extremely nice manipulation for its successful use. The instrument responds equally well to all colors of ultraviolet and can be employed in the study of visible and infrared radiation as well. There are other devices which respond to certain colors of the visible and invisible radiations, and may properly be employed under some circumstances, but for general work the method described is nearly always adopted.

While we attribute the discovery of ultraviolet to a Nineteenth Century scientist, the use of it in the treatment of disease is of

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ancient origin. Sun treatments are known to have been given about 2000 years ago, and probably date back much further, because the practice of sun worship is very old. For various reasons sun treatments became a lost art until in the Eighteenth Century. Since that time they have enjoyed an increasing popularity.

The discovery that the ultraviolet in the sun's rays was largely responsible for many of the beneficial effects probably was one of the greatest single advancements made in heliotherapy. Immediately new fields were opened and much more careful scientific studies were made. Heliotherapy, the art, began to take on the aspects of a science.

It is not a full grown science yet, however, for much remains to be learned, and until there is closer coöperation between physicians and physicists there is little hope that it will become full grown. Neither the physician nor the physicist is sufficiently well informed in the other's field to permit him to undertake intelligent investigations in ultraviolet therapy. Probably in many instances one is unwilling to call upon the other for aid lest he lose credit to himself thereby. Fortunately, however, the need for united effort is being recognized to a greater and greater extent, so that within the next few years many facts concerning the use of ultraviolet in therapy should be brought to light.

At present we believe that the sun's ultraviolet is essential to our well being. This is not saying that the ultraviolet rays in sunlight are sufficient in themselves. Nature ordinarily does not work that way. Vitamins are essential to our diet, but who would dare to suggest that we try living on Vitamin A alone? Common sense seems to indicate that sunlight as a whole is essential to our well being. That ultraviolet is of great importance has been found by noting the change in health produced by removing certain kinds of this radiant energy from the sunlight by placing ordinary window glass between the subject and the sun. Furthermore, this is not saying that ultraviolet will cure every kind of disorder. There are indications that its rightful field is a large one, but in many cases it would appear far better to consider it as a necessary component of a balanced scheme. It may have its place along with correct diet and possibly medicaments in restoring general good health.

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For years sanatoriums in different parts of the world have been relying in part on sunshine in the restoration of health, particularly in the treatment of pulmonary and surgical tuberculosis. Of course, it is always somewhat difficult to determine in so complicated a system as the human body just how much effect is due to sunlight and how much to carefully regulated diet and exercise. The results of the combination, however, are gratifying.

The method of treatment with sunlight is interesting. The exposure begins with a small area of skin, often on the feet, and is of but a few minutes' duration. The following day the length of exposure to this same area is increased, and a short exposure is given to a new area. Progressively larger areas are exposed until the entire body can withstand direct sunlight for hours. Even in the winter tubercular children are permitted to play out of doors with shoes, short trunks and hats for clothing. They seem to enjoy their hikes, coasting parties and snow battles quite as much as the children who are bundled up to the ears.

Statistics show that rickets are most pronounced in the spring in the case of children who have been kept indoors the greater part of the time during the winter months, and that after playing out in the sunshine during the summer the disease is not nearly so prevalent. Furthermore, children with rickets can be cured through exposure either to direct sunlight or to artificial ultraviolet of the proper composition. These facts seem to indicate that ultraviolet has its place in the maintenance of good health.

Whatever the minute facts concerning ultraviolet therapy may be, the present tendency is to expose oneself to sunlight as much as possible, both on the beach and in the home or office or school. The majority of the medical profession agrees that this is wise. Many schools are replacing their old windows with panes of special glass which do not entirely obstruct the passage of those colors of ultraviolet which are known to be essential, and the time will undoubtedly come when nearly all of us will have at least a few "ultraviolet windows" in our homes and offices. Sedans, busses, street cars and railway cars will likewise follow suit. Possibly some progressive bus company will soon advertise that its patrons can obtain their daily sun baths while riding to and from work; it should appeal to the public.

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The subject of special windows requires some further discussion, however. In the first place, in order to obtain the beneficial effects of solar ultraviolet the radiation must strike the body. It is not always possible nor is it ordinarily desirable to sit in the direct path of glaring sunshine. Yet those who are not in fairly bright sunlight may not expect to profit much by the expensive window installation. Use needs to be made of two characteristics of ultraviolet, namely, that it can be scattered by a diffusing medium and that it can to a certain extent be reflected by many kinds of surfaces, just as visible light is reflected and scattered. If a room be equipped with windows which will effectively diffuse the radiation and be painted with a paint having high reflectivity for ultraviolet, it no longer remains necessary to sit in the path of the sunlight. Diffusing skylights should be nearly ideal.

In the second place it is conceivable that a noticeable increase in the rate of fading of our rugs and draperies will result from their exposure to the shorter wave-length rays which we now exclude through the use of ordinary glass. It is known that these rays are active destroyers of some of the dyes. How serious this menace will prove to be we cannot at present predict.

The length of exposure to ultraviolet required to maintain or restore good health appears to be governed by the pigment of the skin. Physicians irradiating babies having rickets have noted that exposures which were sufficient for the White ones were entirely inadequate for their Negro cousins. A similar, although perhaps less marked, difference exists between blondes and brunettes. It is the experience of many who overexpose tender skin to the summer sun that more or less painful sunburn results, whereas if short exposures are taken at first, a coat of tan is developed which effectively reduces or removes the danger of becoming burned. The same thing is experienced by those who expose themselves to powerful electric arc radiation. Some do not tan to as dark a shade under the arc as under the sun, but the resistance to burning increases. It is the belief of many that tan also decreases the desirable therapeutic action of ultraviolet, so that longer exposures are required to accomplish what shorter ones could do before the tan appeared. Exactly what rôle tan plays here seems not to be clearly understood.

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We find two schools of thought concerning the kind of ultraviolet which is best to employ. One maintains that any powerful radiation having a generous assortment of the invisible colors is not only safe but just as effective as sunlight. The results obtained in some clinics seem to bear this out. There is one great difference between solar and arc radiation, however, in that the former is entirely lacking in the very short wave-length rays. Although they are emitted by the sun, they are absorbed somewhere between that body and the earth, probably by ozone. While there are rays in sunlight in the summertime which are short enough in wave length to burn us, they are not nearly so burning as the much shorter ones in arc radiation. Those of the second school believe that burning is bad, in that it counteracts much of the good that comes from the longer wave length ultraviolet, and, therefore, that burning rays must be avoided. They specify the use of sources of ultraviolet which in quality or composition duplicate as nearly as possible the sun's rays. Granted that burning is to be avoided, the question arises as to whether or not even many of the very burning rays of the arcs are to be regarded simply as more potent therapeutic agents which can do the work as well as their longer wave length relatives in the solar spectrum, provided that they are not used in excess. Experimentation will answer this question. In the meantime the safe rule may be to avoid becoming burned if the maximum therapeutic value is to be obtained.

Then comes the question as to whether the average layman should undertake to prescribe his own ultraviolet treatments in his home. Apparently the answer is both yes and no. If he is in need of professional aid, it would probably be as foolish for him to treat himself with ultraviolet as to select his own medicines. The well informed physician is competent to prescribe and administer ultraviolet where and when it is needed, and the matter should be placed in his care. But the case may be altogether different if maintenance rather than restoration of good health is under consideration. If it be acknowledged as true that sunlight with its full strength of ultraviolet is good for one, then it would appear to follow that any radiation not deviating too far from solar radiation in quality should be safe to use in moderation.

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When sources emitting ultraviolet of the same kind as that of the sun are developed, or if experience proves that any good electric arc radiation is safe to employ, we may expect to have "artificial suns" in our bathrooms or bedrooms to help keep us in the best of physical condition at all times. A few of us have them now, and we enjoy our radiant baths. As time savers they are remarkable, for ten or fifteen minutes of their radiation is the apparent equal of an afternoon or day at the beach.

Artificial sources of ultraviolet such as the electric arc have one drawback which deserves mention. Their short wave-length rays are capable of burning the eyes seriously in a very short time, so that it is necessary to protect them with glasses or goggles. An ordinary spectacle lens or piece of window glass has been found to render perfect protection. An eye which has received too much bare arc radiation feels as though it were full of cinders.

Ultraviolet has its place also in photography, for photographic films and plates are very sensitive to the longer wave length kinds. Even when glass camera lenses and glass-enclosed arcs are employed, sufficient ultraviolet reaches the film to shorten the exposure time required to produce good negatives. To the motion picture producer this means that less glaring illumination may be employed with no reduction in speed, a condition appreciated by those who have to face the lights for great lengths of time. The ghastly bluish green mercury arcs are well adapted to this type of work and are often seen even in portrait studios.

There is another kind of photography, often called dark photography, in which ultraviolet radiation alone is employed. This is accomplished through the use of filters which permit the passage of certain invisible colors only. In general, photographs of objects taken in this manner have an entirely different appearance from what might be expected. Often invisible finger prints, traces of ink and stains can be detected, so that to the criminologist and archæologist ultraviolet has a very practical value. The biologist, too, has a place for dark photography, for many microscopic bodies which ordinarily appear nearly devoid of any characteristic markings are found in this way to be as highly decorated as ladybugs.

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The biologist does not stop with the use of ultraviolet in photography alone, however, for he has found that ultraviolet of certain wave lengths is most effective in the destruction of bacteria. Practical use of this fact is to be seen in some of our bottling concerns where water is purified by irradiation before being poured into the beverage syrups. For the sterilization of drinking water the ultraviolet method has the great advantage of introducing no unpleasant flavor such as may result from chemical treatment. Numerous attempts have been made to sterilize milk and similar liquids, but obstacles such as opacity to the radiation and the tendency of the materials to suffer some chemical change have usually stood in the way of complete success.

In chemistry, both in the research laboratory and in the industries, ultraviolet radiation is assuming an ever increasing degree of importance, for its use not only speeds up many old processes but also makes possible numerous new ones. Take for example the gas, hydrogen, which normally exists as diatomic molecules and which strongly resists attempts to break it down into single atoms. The monatomic gas differs from ordinary hydrogen in that it is highly reactive and therefore is much desired in certain classes of chemical work. Not long ago it was discovered that when a mixture of hydrogen and mercury vapor is irradiated by one particular color of ultraviolet, some of the hydrogen is dissociated. This opened a whole new field for investigation. In passing, and to illustrate a statement made earlier concerning the difference in quality between the ultraviolet radiation from different sources, it should be mentioned that the one particular wave length of ultraviolet responsible for this decomposition of hydrogen is to be found only in quartz mercury arc radiation. In the brightest of tropical sunlight this pure gaseous mixture would remain unchanged even if left for years. The color of the ray must be considered in every case. Numerous other examples of the use of ultraviolet might be cited, but it suffices to state that in some of the industries employing chemicals this radiation is playing as large a rôle as the chemicals themselves. Solar radiation is used wherever possible, but in many places the manufacturers have installed quite elaborate electric arc equipment.

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Even in this hasty survey mention should be made of the effect of ultraviolet on our house paint. Linseed oil, the vehicle which gives paint its adherent properties, not only dries more quickly under the influence of ultraviolet, but also deteriorates under prolonged exposure. For this reason we are likely to find the sunny sides of our houses in need of painting sooner than the less exposed areas. Efforts to produce a paint which protects not only the wood but to a marked extent its own dried linseed oil are said to have been successful, and if so we may soon hope to cut property maintenance costs very considerably. While this is hardly to be classed as a use of ultraviolet, it illustrates the value of studying its characteristics and thus becoming acquainted with it.

Certain substances, including many dyes, glow in ultraviolet like the figures on luminous watch dials. The visible colors produced depend upon the materials themselves and vary from blue to red. Mercury arcs covered by suitable filters can easily flood a darkened room or theatrical stage and thereby make possible ghost and other weird scenes ordinarily impossible of attainment. The effects need not be ghastly, however, as anyone who has seen them can testify. In recent years some of the most strikingly beautiful stage lighting effects have been obtained in this manner. Costumes, uninteresting in ordinary light, if chemically treated are brilliantly colored on the darkened stage when irradiated with ultraviolet.

Fluorescence may some day play no small part in making night driving less dangerous, if suitable materials can be made cheaply and in sufficiently large quantity, for automobile bodies and roadways could be treated so as to be as visible as in daylight under the rays of ultraviolet headlights. Two drivers meeting on the road could each see the other's car perfectly without suffering the least discomfort from glare. Of course it is but a dream now, but it may be realized by 2000 A.D. Possibly the application will be made to airplanes rather than automobiles. In any event the present system of headlights could still be used when not passing other vehicles. The pedestrian problem could be solved by dyeing all outer garments with fluorescent dyes. He should then be safer than he is now.

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During the recent war, beams of ultraviolet were directed on distant luminescent substances for the purpose of secret signaling. A somewhat similar application in the convoy system consisted in mounting a quartz mercury arc, enclosed in an ultraviolet filter, on one vessel. Observers on other vessels followed the course by sighting on the ultraviolet source with telescopes equipped with fluorescent eye-pieces. The source was invisible to all save those with the special telescopes.

Still a different kind of signaling is possible through the use of ultraviolet as a carrier wave for radio messages, for this radiation being related to radio waves can be substituted for the latter. It is doubtful whether practical use could be made of this, owing to the fact that the conservation of the energy in transmitting over long distances would be a serious problem. It is nevertheless an interesting fact that spoken words and music, whether a solo or a full orchestra, can be transmitted without appreciable distortion over ultraviolet.

Like Scheherezade's recitation to Schariar, this outline might be extended indefinitely and it might well be made very interesting. From around many of the applications of ultraviolet to modern life could be unwound threads with which exciting mystery stories, love dramas and tales of the underworld could be spun. Writers of fiction have already told a few, no doubt, and probably will tell many more, but the average writer is likely to go astray when dealing with the cold, scientific facts. It has been the aim of this article to so acquaint the layman with ultraviolet radiation that he can intelligently read and criticise the various things pertaining thereto which are published from time to time either as news or as advertising matter. If he be imaginative he will also spin his own yarns.

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HOW TO LIVE IN NEW YORK CITY

BY THE REV. DR. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON

It is not easy to live anywhere if one has high ideals and strong desires. It is especially hard to live in New York City. This is because New York is unique. To be sure every city is unique, but New York is unique in a multitude of ways. For instance, no other American city has an island at the center of it, on which over two million people are living. No other city has two wide rivers flowing through it, cutting the land into a narrow strip, thus creating an unparalleled congestion of traffic. No other city asks so many of its people to live twenty and thirty and forty stories above the sidewalk. No other city in the United States cuts its bedroom space into such small bits, and asks the bulk of its population to put up with such meager home accommodations. New York is probably the noisiest of all the cities in the world. We have recently added airplanes to our repertoire. New York is the most uncomfortable of all cities to get around in. No other city has so many automobiles to the square yard. There is no way of traveling in comfort inside New York, not even in a Rolls Royce. The highest priced automobiles crawl up and down Fifth Avenue like snails. No other American city has six million people in it. That is the cause of most of our troubles. It is these people who make it difficult for us to live. In New York we are compelled to live close together. Our neighbors are not across the street; they are on the floor above us, and on the floor below us, and just across the hall. They peer in at our front windows, and at our back windows, too. There are no side windows in New York. They listen in through the partitions. We can never get people out of our eye. Wherever we go they are with us, great crowds of them. They have filled up the subway before we arrive. They have packed the elevated train before we get there. They have jammed every store before we decide to go shopping. If we go into a bank we are compelled to

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stand in line. If we want to buy a theatre ticket we stand in line. If we want to buy a bunch of radishes we stand in line. No matter where we go there are a hundred people ahead of us. They swarm like the frogs and locusts of ancient Egypt. Egypt had ten plagues. We have only one, the plague of people.

We could get on better with them if they were not so close to us. They elbow us and jostle us and shove us and step on us. Even when we get them out of our eye they tarry in our ear. When we go into the inner chamber and shut the door, we cannot shut it tight enough to keep out the sounds of people. We hear them day and night. "Night" is only a poetic expression, for New York City is like the New Jerusalem. There is no night there. A Biblical writer informs us that once upon a time there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour. No one has ever made such a statement about New York. How to live in a city close up to people who never keep still is one of the vexing problems of modern civilization.

And what a variety of people! They are here from the ends of the earth. They have brought their languages and customs and household gods. They have brought their odors and manners and habits, their oddities and vices and notions. New York is a foreign city built on American soil. It is Nineveh and Babylon and Rome and Tyre all rolled into one, and round this huge bundle of life the Goddess of Liberty has wrapped the Stars and Stripes. How to live in such a Babel of languages and such a bedlam of noises and such a welter of human nature, is a problem indeed.

But however difficult it may be, many people do it. Six million people do it, and most of them do it three hundred and sixty-five days every year. Multitudes of them do it victoriously, some of them do it radiantly, almost hilariously. More would do it triumphantly if they would only set about it in earnest.

The person who purposes to live in New York ought to free himself from inherited or acquired prejudices against the city. Some people start out with the assumption that New York is the wickedest city since Sodom. The assumption is false. New York City is no wickeder than other cities. It is no viler than the

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average country town. There is a vast amount of sin in the city, but not more in proportion to its population than in any other place. Thousands of the best people in the world live in New York City, and have lived here for many years without showing the slightest trace of contamination from their slimy surroundings. If a man is forever slandering New York in his heart he ought to go elsewhere. Not all one's time should be devoted to the question, "What is wrong with New York?" There is a deeper question to consider, "What is right with New York?"

After one has rid himself of his prejudices he ought to exorcise his conceits and his fads. Many New Yorkers are unhappy because of their egotism. They shone like stars of the first magnitude in their home town, but in New York their light is dimmed. A girl who has a wonderful voice in a village, finds on arriving in New York that her voice is not so wonderful as her village friends imagined. A young man who is a reputed Demosthenes in his town, finds on reaching New York that the people would rather see Babe Ruth make a home run than listen to the most eloquent Demosthenes who ever lived. A business man considered phenomenally clever in a city of a hundred thousand, is surprised on coming to New York to discover that there are other clever men beside himself. There is a great company of the disappointed in New York. Social climbers fail to climb and look doleful. Ladder-of-fame climbers cannot reach the rung on which their heart was set, and life is now "sound and fury, signifying nothing". No other city has a greater genius for taking the bumptiousness out of a person than New York. Like a sensible old woman, she takes her children one after the other on her knee and says, "Let no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think, but let him think soberly. Be not wise in your own conceits."

New York City is fiercely hostile to fads. She steps on all the fads with merciless promptness. There is a silly notion in certain educational circles, that a child ought never to be made to do what he does not want to do, and that he ought to be allowed to do just what he feels like doing. When people come to New York and start to doing just what they feel like doing, the city at once points out their error. One person is sent to the psycho-

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pathic ward in Bellevue, another is sent to the Tombs, another to the Island, and another to Sing Sing. All the people in our prisons are there for the simple reason that they were doing the things they felt like doing.

To live in New York one must step lively. Some one has jocosely said that we have only two classes here, the quick and the dead. Those who do not join the first are promptly numbered among the second. Men are stationed at strategic points throughout the city to exhort us to step lively. A New Yorker must be quick in the use of his feet, and of his eyes, and of his mind. Sluggishness is penalized. Lethargy is dangerous. Some mortals do not like to step lively. Let them move lively toward the country.

One of the slogans of New York is "Watch your step!" New Yorkers cannot afford to stumble or fall. If anyone falls, somebody is on top of him inside of ten seconds. One must watch his step in more ways than one. In eating and sleeping and exercising, in seeking acquaintances and making friends, one must watch his step. New York is not a city to be sick in. Sickness is too expensive. Prices are well-nigh crushing for those in good health. They are still heavier for invalids. If any man or woman is planning to be sick, let him keep out of New York.

The city is a master teacher in patience. To live happily in New York, one must have more than the patience of Job. What cannot be cured must be endured, and there are a lot of things in New York which cannot be cured in our generation. The subway jam, for instance, what can be done with that? Many persons pronounce it "abominable", "horrible", "atrocious", "outrageous", "infernal". These all seem to be fitting adjectives. The only trouble is they are all futile. The subway muddle cannot be solved by the use of adjectives. The only method at present available is to suffer and to wait. It has been said that "Tribulation works patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." We New Yorkers have had a deal of experience, and that experience leads us to hope that some day things are going to be better.

To live wisely in New York one should cultivate a friendly disposition. He should be ready to lend a hand. The city as a

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whole cannot be changed. Reformers who rush to New York with the idea of making it over are found at last under a juniper tree. New York does not want to be reformed. She is too big a chunk of human flesh for any one man to cope with. No matter how earnestly she is denounced and exhorted, she refuses to budge. But one can keep alive in him a disposition to help others. The individual is always within reach. Every man with open eyes can find a chance every day to do a noble and helpful deed. No one of us can do much, but each one of us can do a little, and when we are faithful in that which is little, we are faithful also in much.

It is a good thing for a New Yorker to look often at the stars. Their steady, silent fires suggest permanence and order and purpose. The God who created the stars has also created New York City. If He created the stars for a purpose, the city was no doubt created for a purpose too. If God has a plan for the universe, He has a plan for our little earth, and if He has a plan for our earth, He has, of course, a plan for New York City. This city is big and rich and powerful, and her location is strategic. It looks as though she must have a tremendously important rôle to play, and a highly exalted position to fill. Her mission must be immeasurably important, and her failure to play the rôle assigned her would be a tragedy of cosmic dimensions. To be permitted to live in such a city is a privilege and a challenge, for to each New Yorker the opportunity is given to make a contribution, however small, to the higher life of the greatest city of that promising world which Columbus lifted out of the sea, and one of the most wonderful cities which have been permitted to play a part in the great drama of human life.

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THE DEAD LIFT

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

I

THERE is at the very beginning a dead lift to all personal achievement. We have to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps; and nothing is going to help us. Once we have made even a small start, plenty of forces rush to our aid; but until we have made that small start we can almost imagine them as intelligences waiting to see if we are worth helping. More prosaically, the powers of growth are always ready; but before they can operate we must at least rouse ourselves to prepare a plot and plant a seed. Nobody is going to do that for us.

There is no use in talking about it, the human race is ineradicably conservative by instinct. Even the most convinced of us is very reluctant to set about anything new that implies real exertion. That goes for little things and for big things too. After we have got things nicely settled, we do hate to disturb them. Why do we, as a whole, remain quite calm over the claims and counter-claims as to Relativity, for example; and froth at the mouth and run in circles over the claims of the Spiritists? Simply because we can acknowledge the one without having to do anything about it; but if we admit the other we shall have to take hold and upset and reform our whole scheme of living. In other words, one is no trouble to us; and the other is. You will notice that those people—the scientists—to whom Relativity *is* a trouble raise enough row about it; just as they have in the past raised a row about Darwin's theories, or Pasteur's, or Mesmer's, or Lodge's, and as many others as you please. These people all made trouble for the neatly established; caused it to be remodelled, sometimes torn down and built up again.

Of course we know the fellow who goes singing to his work. Indeed, a good many of us, perhaps most of us, are fond of our work. But when we have arrived at the singing stage, it has

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ceased to be new work. We have been at it for some time. The period of the first dead lift is past. We have our alliance and are on our way; at least as far as that particular thing is concerned. But bluff we as we may, the most of us are reluctant to tackle anything new; very reluctant. We tear the leaf off the calendar; we sharpen the pencils; we tinker with the typewriter key that really does not require tinkering; we raise or lower the window a trifle; we allow ourselves to be momentarily deflected by welcome trivialities. By the time we have settled down we have given an excellent imitation of an old mallard duck circling his pond almost interminably before alighting; or of a small boy postponing his inevitable plunge into cold water. "It takes us a little time to warm up," say we in extenuation. Perhaps.

Or if we have a serious book we really want to read; or a particularly long letter we must write, we shy off from it as long as we decently can. We do so even though we know we are going to enjoy it when once we get into it. Some of us, with consciences, or with a humorous appreciation of ourselves, overcome this instantly and plunge in. A whole lot of us stand shivering on the bank so long that we never do go in at all. We return the serious and overdue book to its owner with a few vague generalizations which we hope may get by; and we never write the letter at all. Those of us who do go at it promptly, do so not from any inner and spiritual grace that exempts us from this universal human characteristic, but because long experience has taught us that "eventually, why not now?" is a sound motto. I remember a notoriously lie-abed man unexpectedly agreeing without argument to get up at four o'clock in the morning for some purpose or other. Somebody expressed surprise at the readiness of his acquiescence.

"Oh, I'd just as soon get up at four as at eight," said he. "I hate just as much to get up at eight as at four; there's no difference!"

II

This fundamental laziness demands a definite small effort in the overcoming, even in the trivial matters of everyday life. It becomes a sweating dead lift when we address ourselves to any-

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thing of major importance, especially if it is something new, and a little strange to us, and outside our usual channels of thought and activity. But there is no sense in worrying about it, or lashing our consciences with it, or depreciating or despising ourselves as worthless lazy creatures. We are lazy because we are creatures, but that does not make us worthless. Let us acknowledge that all creatures are naturally lazy, and let it go at that. The point is, are we grown up enough to admit the fact; and to make the dead lift? It is failing to make the dead lift that constitutes the worthlessness.

Being lazy is the natural state of physical being. We are lazy because we insist on identifiying ourselves too completely with our physical sides. We talk of the physical self as Me instead of Mine. We say that I am sick, instead of that a thing belonging to me called my stomach is sick. We do not, however, remark that I am out of order, when the motor car develops a knock. As a matter of fact, I am not sick at all; unless I believe what my stomach clamorously informs me. Darwin possessed a most cantankerously ailing body, but there are very few evidences that he was ever personally ill.

For, and here is the important point, the physical body has a very definite zone of action of its own; just as definite a zone of action as quicksand, or social life, or another personality, or the conventional world at large, or any of the other things we have been talking about. Within that zone of action it is very powerful; and anything that comes within its periphery, unless insulated, must be affected. In that aspect it differs in no wise from any other thing or force. The only difference is that while we can, if we wish to do so and think it wise, avoid many of the zones of action of these other things, we can in no manner avoid that of our physical bodies. Indeed, we leave it so rarely that we have, as we have seen, come to identify it with ourselves.

And strangely enough, though we may appreciate the necessity of insulating ourselves against other people and other things; though we may come to an understanding of these other zones of action and how to fortify ourselves against them, it never occurs to us that it might be advisable to insulate also against this one. Or only vaguely; and without system or understanding.

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For it is a curious thing how much we will stand from this body-individual of ours that we would not stand from anybody else in the world. No matter how reprehensibly jelly-fishy or mushy we are in character, there are limits to what we will stand in the way of complaints or demands or boredom. The worm will turn at last. But this body thing of ours seems to be an especially privileged character. It is a spoiled child. We turn the whole spotlight of our minds on it whenever it is pleased to demand our attention. What is the result? What is the result in the case of any other spoiled child? Instantly it takes to itself altogether too much importance. It is no longer merely one of the lesser occupants of the room wherein grown-ups hold converse on grave matters of importance: it makes itself the center, and everybody has to stop talking to listen more or less politely to its babbling, and must forego doing things in deference to the limitations of its intelligence and the length of its legs. And the more attention we give to it, the more attention it demands. When it has exhausted legitimate means, it invents things to call to our notice, it exaggerates them, and insists upon them; it imposes a super-significance upon its own small affairs; it tries—and to a great extent succeeds—to regulate the whole conduct of life according to its own standards. Like other spoiled children, it ends by thinking it is the whole family; and it comes near to making us think so, too.

We can, at a pinch, send the real spoiled child to the nursery; or flee its presence at a pace it cannot emulate; or even, if we are desperate enough and our moral natures have been sufficiently shattered, murder it. But we have to live with that other spoiled child of the body. It has that one great advantage. Furthermore, our situation is complicated by the fact that at the very first, when we were babies, and for a considerable time thereafter, it *was* the whole family. We were the body. To all practical intents and purposes, and for a long time, the child is its body or the body is the child. Its necessities and its demands are paramount to all others. We had first of all to be assured of physical existence before we could go on to any other. And the body will not let us forget that fact. Only very reluctantly does it relinquish its dominance. Why not? That is nature. In a manner

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of speaking, primary development might be considered the emergence of self, the ego, from purely physical dominance.

Now any emergence from dominance implies a conflict. The thing getting out from under is struggling to do so: the thing dominating naturally wants to hold its job. There is an objection, a resistance. The spoiled child's natural instinct is to continue to be the whole show if possible: and when he finds people turning their attention elsewhere, he will kick and howl and generally make himself disagreeable in order to draw notice back to himself. He will continue to impose his own ideas and ideals just as long as he can.

III

The merely physical ideas and ideals are very worthy ones, but they are limited in scope. They have chiefly to do with being fed and warmed. Beyond that they want to be comfortable. If we remain within their zone of action, and permit ourselves to be wholly influenced by it, we are living within very narrow limits. All we—as well as our body—will want then, will be to eat and sleep and to get just enough exercise to keep our functions going. The various lower forms of life exhibit this ideal most gracefully and completely. That is the sort of thing the body is.

But as we move up into the higher forms of life, we find—even though only in embryo—an expanding, outreaching quality which we call ambition. The animal moves about much more than the plant because he has certain incentives which are lacking in the plant. The plant is getting along all right, but the animal wants to get along a trifle better, and he is willing to do a little migrating and experimenting.

Sometimes he experiments rather uncomfortably, undergoing hardships in the following of this instinct to be better fed and warmer and more secure. At the body's immediate expense he undertakes new things. It must of course be pointed out that these very incentives are most often imposed by the body's make-up. He is warmer blooded than the plant, and his food often moves about or varies in abundance; but the incentive is real for all that. The manner of its imposition is relatively unimportant. Now our ambitions or incentives are of

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precisely the same sort, though of a higher degree and greatly expanded. They, too, are most often imposed by necessity.

But, as we get on in development, we find that some of these are necessities that have little to do with the physical environment, but with something we have evolved within ourselves. At first we, like the animals, migrate and make war and invent various coöperatives and ingenious material civilizations because we want to be better fed and sleep more softly and enjoy more fully the comforts of life.

As we go on, however, they have increasingly less and less to do with our childhood physical selves. They are made up from more subtle desires, having to do with the occupation of a wider radius of life. We not only want to be kept going biologically, but we want to get and keep such things as self respect or good reputation. We want to get out in the world. We want to expand. We want to get in touch with higher things. These are all very real, concrete incentives; just as real and just as insistent in their way as the desire for food and warmth and shelter.

But they are in no wise concerns of the body. The body can get on quite well without any one of them.

IV

That is where the trouble begins. The body is accustomed to having all our attention. It is the spoiled child. We have progressed to the point where we have other interests, outside the nursery. The body is no longer the whole thing.

What happens? Just what happens when attention is removed from any spoiled child. It fights, with the best weapons it has, to keep as much of our attention as it can. It raises a row. And since it has its own compact, self-centered zone of action, its row registers on us. The form the objection takes, as far as we interpret it, is inertia. The child lies down flat on the floor and refuses to budge, unless we make it. It is quite a job to make it

V

That state of affairs will continue as long as we permit certain things.

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It will continue just as long as we hang around the nursery and lend too credulous an ear to what our bodies tell us. According to them it is always too much trouble, or too hard work, or too exhausting. According to them it would be much pleasanter to sit in the sun and eat a tamarind. And according to them there is always something the matter: there isn't energy enough in the boiler, or there's a headache in the offing. There! didn't you notice that? Now wait a minute and it will come again!

And the more we listen to them, the more they tell us!

We *should* listen to them to a certain extent, as we shall shortly see; but we need not "lower our threshold" to lend our attention to all the small babblings. Most of them will die away, if we continue to ignore them.

This state of affairs will continue, also, as long as we permit ourselves to remain uninsulated in the zone of action of our merely physical selves. We must attend to our insulation there as heedfully as we do to our insulations in the world outside.

It will continue as long, too, as we persist in identifying our *selves* principally with the physical, so that when things happen to our bodies we think of them as happening to us. If we could get a little more the attitude of their happening to something belonging to us, it would lift us from that complete sharing of inertias and reluctances and objections and generally stand-pat proclivities which in sum constitute the dead lift.

VI

For that limited self of ours is a great stand-patter. It is as unambitious as the motor car, which also we own. It is a mechanism; and merely because as children we began as mechanisms, we have kept it in the spotlight of our minds, and ended by thinking of it as ourselves. It is a vitally necessary mechanism, of course. We can get along without an automobile: but we have as yet discovered no way of getting on without a body. That is why we have centered ourselves in it. But of itself, deprived of the presence of our self consciousness, it is only a machine; and while it is true that we cannot move without it, why it is equally true that it cannot do much without us. It can continue to

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exist, that is all, like an oyster on a rock. When our directing consciousness is withdrawn from it, as in catalepsy, it is quite helpless. It may retain a certain vitality, a certain force, but force is not enough. The thing needs also direction, if it is to go anywhere but around and around.

That is one great lesson this so-called mechanical age can teach us. It is a great symbol held before us to induce us to consider our mechanisms as apart from the force and intelligence that operates them.

All of which assures us that the inertia, the reluctance to get at it, the inherent laziness of the human creature, the weight in the dead lift, is after all only a matter of misplaced attention. We are altogether too much focussed upon what our bodies do not want to do. They object that it isn't worth while; why bother? what's the use? it's too much trouble; let's be comfortable; everything is going along all right. And since we are prone to think of our bodies as ourselves, we listen to them and more or less adopt their ideas as though they were our own. We follow their extremely limited experience of what they want, rather than any considered knowledge of what the whole being wants. We are compromising with the child, although really at heart we know better, simply because we are not definite enough in our own minds. We are fuzzy; and because we have never clearly considered the matter, we allow this childish thing to impose itself.

It is rather humiliating, when we stop to think of it. Why, we never really and definitely take charge even of the things that concern the body, and which we know to be good for it! We know we ought not, merely from the point of view of the body's welfare, to eat so much, or smoke so much, or drink so much. We know we ought to put the thing to bed earlier, and exercise more. Do we do all this? We do not! We allow the spoiled child to have its own way; and as a consequence we grow fat and ailing and apoplectic. We actually consider ourselves quite strong minded when we rouse ourselves to the point of bribing some physical trainer to make our bodies do what they should! We cannot ourselves make the brat behave: so we call in an outsider!

Since we have no great authority in these simple matters that

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concern the body, since we allow it so dominating a voice in its own affairs, concerning which we know much better than it does, why, in the name of common sense, should we expect it to keep its mouth shut concerning our other businesses, with which it really has nothing to do at all? Of course it is going to say its little say about them. We have consistently encouraged it to say its little say. I do not suppose any of us are particularly entranced with the child that lips in eagerly and persistently and clamorously on its elders' conversations. Our tolerance—if it is someone's else child—is a mere convention of politeness. We certainly should not dream of acting on its opinions. Yet we cheerfully and unthinkingly permit this other childish thing to have a lot to say to us about everything we want to undertake, and with which it has nothing whatever to do, things that are not its business at all!

This, to repeat, is not so much ignorance of the situation as sheer carelessness and inertia. That, and the lack of a little clear thinking. We have not realized that if we do not want this voice clamoring in our ears, we can move out of the nursery into the drawing room. In more philosophic language, we can take our center of consciousness out of the physical body's zone of action. We must either do that, or else insulate ourselves effectively; for inside anything's zone of action, as we have seen, it is very strong, nd is likely to have more influence than it should.

VII

It will hardly be necessary, for most of us, to remember that in spite of all the foregoing, the influence of the physical body is a necessary part of life. There are people who consistently "mortify the flesh", and pat themselves on the back for doing so. There are even people who beat themselves with whips, or burn themselves with hot irons, and starve themselves on three prunes and two nuts a day. The extremest of the lot deny the validity of pain, which is the body's protest; or are horrified at the reality of pleasure, which is normally the body's approval. But asceticism, fortunately, is a waning cult; no longer an evil sufficiently powerful to be fulminated against. One can trust the normal healthy instinct to revolt effectively against that kind of success.

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But it is well to point out that the body is right enough about what it knows. We would be fatuous to pay no attention at all to what it tells us. When, through certain nerves, it advises us in no uncertain terms that we have something decidedly wrong on the right side of the abdomen, we might do well to ask the doctor about appendicitis. The body is perfectly right in telling us not to pick up a red hot poker, or walk on a sprained ankle, or bump into a brick wall. When it tells us about such things it might be well at least to investigate; to find out what it is all about.

And its ideas as to what constitutes pleasure are not wholly negligible. They should be heeded—in proportion. They represent a very necessary occasional state. It merely depends on who is in charge, you or it. If you are the directing force, then they may furnish an invaluable, replenishing, vacationing, balancing proportion in life. Any plea for asceticism or the Spartan life is wrong. There is a catch in it; and instinctively we know it. If we do not know it, we become cranks or Reformers with the capital R, and a nuisance to everybody, including ourselves.

We cannot thrust the body's advice aside indiscriminately. If we do, we are quite likely to steer into trouble. We breed within us inhibitions and complexes and such things. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the body's reluctance to be up and about it is due to its self-satisfaction with present comfortable conditions. But the hundredth time it may really have something the matter with it, something that requires for its cure that we sit still by the fire.

That is where our analogy with a mechanism breaks down somewhat. The body is not a true mechanism. It has a sort of aggregate consciousness of its own. We can leave the flivver in the garage, or take it out, as the mood suits us, and its slow resentments of rust and rattle do not soon affect us. The body is different. It has most of the attributes of consciousness. From the point of view of development it is an inferior consciousness: but it is a real one. The flivver in the garage cannot get at us, unless we go out and climb into it, and start its engine, and hear its dismaying knock. But the body has its lines of communication by which it can always reach the real Us. Over these lines of communication it can send not only its messages but its resentments.

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That is where the danger of asceticism comes in again. The body's clamorings, under indulgent encouragement, very easily become too insistent, but it has its rights. We cannot force it, without damage; any more than we can force a child without damage. Oh yes, it can be done! The older generation did it. They bossed their children on the "speak when you're spoken to", "it's your duty to love and obey your parents", idea. The result at last was in the new generation. Forcing results in flat rebellion or all sorts of asceticisms and fanaticisms and nervous jim-jams. There is a sort of half-truth in it all, just enough to give it vitality and make a lot of us think that it must be the right thing to do. But our deeper instincts rebel.

Our deeper instincts are quite right. Any driving or forcing of the body by sheer will power is terribly damaging to the nervous system. It is a strain on the machinery, like going without lubricants or adjustments. And it has never worked well. If past experience is any good to us, we may consider the point proved. If we are to direct the body, we must do so by a friendly, somewhat humorous sort of coöperation rather than control. It is in the child stage of development; and we must from our maturity handle it as we would a child whom we would direct and regulate but whose love and good will we would retain.

VIII

All of which leads us back to the first consideration of all. At the risk of wearisome repetition we must say, that our first act in overcoming the deadly inertia that overwhelms us on approaching any new effort is to step aside from the thing that originates the inertia. We must realize that we *can* step aside from it. That realization comes from a recognition that we are not our bodies; that we haven't been our bodies since our earliest childhood. We, as entities, are distinct from our machines. Our bodies are like our motor cars; something that we own. We can step in and out of it also, in the sense that we can center our attention in it or out of it. We can run it, or we can leave it idle, as the directing part of us sees fit.

After all, that directing part is the only We that is likely to go

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on. The body does not; that is certain, nor the aggregate cellular life of the body; not for very long. Certain cell groups persist for a little while after the directing part has permanently withdrawn, but they cannot maintain themselves. Our flivver would run a little while, and we not there, until the gasoline gave out; but it would not get anywhere.

Once we understand this clearly, we see why we have to make a dead lift at all, why there is this oftentimes horrible inertia to overcome before we can make a start at anything worth while. That helps. Our reluctance to get at it is a natural thing, inherent in our mixed make up. Our "weariness of the spirit" is not of the spirit at all. It is in the very nature of our evolution and development, of everybody's evolution and development. We are not personally lazy. Merely we possess historically stand-pat bodies, with puerile ideas of their own. The ideas are quite appropriate to mere bodies as bodies, but we have gone beyond that.

Once the rationale of a thing is grasped, it loses the terror of mystery. We understand. We need no longer fumble. We can tackle the job with assurance and confidence.

IX

And when we realize that this first dead lift is necessary because of our own constitution and not because of something mysterious, extraneous and compelling, why then we see we must do it, on our own, without help. It is our personal job. Nobody can lend us a hand. No force of growth or mysterious outside power is coming to our assistance. Not at the beginning. We shall, as we see, get plenty of help from the whole universe once we get started. But even without analysis we must all realize that even in the simplest things, once we have roused ourselves to get at it,—whatever it is,—we fall easily into the swing of work. It is a little hard to heave up out of the arm chair by the fire, but we thoroughly enjoy the walk; we hesitate to take the plunge, but the cool water is grateful and refreshing; we fiddle with things on the desk, and do little puttery odd jobs, and generally postpone settling down to pencil and paper, but when at last we do so we

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work smoothly and pleasurably and rapidly. It sometimes seems as though our reward for breaking through inertia, for making the first dead lift, is that we thereby tap some higher circumstance of the task in hand, that the thing came easier because we rose to a point of help. However that may be, we have at least discovered one important truth:

The dead lift is always much easier than the physical instinct told us it was going to be.

X

All in all, from the larger aspect, this dead lift of initial effort is about the first step, the first vague determination toward unifying ourselves. It is our first attempt to understand and develop our spiritual make-up. The accomplishing of it is actually our first unifying in that it is bringing into harmony the directing We and the machine that We direct. The instant the directing We realize that we are Ourselves, and not identified with the machine; as soon as we realize that we are not the machine, but can step out of the machine and analyze it and understand our relations therewith; as soon as we realize that its decisions as to where it is to go are not important, but that its functioning ideas may be; as soon as we understand the physical mechanism's inertia, and why that inertia exists; as soon as we grasp the reason for its existence, and what it is for, and the use of it, and the necessity and possibility of guarding against its zone of action, so soon have we for the first time established a harmony within. And not until then. Until these relationships are clearly visualized, there cannot fail to be a conflict. We will carry on through a low anarchistic order of living, through unregulated impulses and reactions and juxtapositions—a sort of ferment without forward progress.

We free ourselves by uniting ourselves.

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THE HALL OF FAME

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

Every American is a stockholder in the Hall of Fame. This is a slogan which I have adopted in commending this institution at New York University to the attention and interest of the public, and it probably will not be long before these words become familiar to Americans everywhere. I doubt if there is in the United States an institution more distinguished in its aims, or one more free from personal bias of any sort. The Hall of Fame was conceived by the late Dr. Henry Mitchell MacCracken, then Chancellor of New York University, as a patriotic influence, and that purpose has been constantly kept in mind in its administration. Chancellor MacCracken was engrossed by the desire thus to hold up to the country the example of public service and to multiply the inspiration of personal genius. His successor, Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Chancellor of the University, and the present writer, as Director of the Hall of Fame, have been impressed by the increasing possibilities of the Hall as a conservative force. Indeed there are more cogent and poignant reasons for such an institution now than ever before. At the time of its foundation in 1900, the world was not yet endangered by the sinister purposes of such ultra-radicals as the Bolshevists, who have made themselves the foes of representative government everywhere; nor was it then fashionable in certain quarters to seek for flaws in the great personages to whom the Nation owes so much for its foundation and maintenance. Moreover, the spirit of irreverence and excessive social revolt had not then spread throughout the country. I believe it is not claiming too much to say that in the Hall of Fame, through its exaltation of our greatest men and women, a new breakwater has been erected against the tides of violent thought and action. It is now one of the permanent conservative influences of our time, and to strengthen it in carrying out this purpose is the aim of those entrusted with its direction.

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I think few persons appreciate its national character. It is not a local organization in any sense. No one connected with New York University has a voice in the selection of the names which are to be inscribed in the Colonnade. These are chosen by a College of Electors of at least one hundred distinguished persons, men and women, representing every State in the Union: Actual or former university or college presidents; historians and professors of history and literature; scientists; authors, editors and artists; men and women of affairs; actual or former high public officials; actual or former justices, National or State. To name these would be to include not a few persons who in time to come may themselves be honored in the Colonnade. The visitors to University Heights, where the beautiful buildings of New York University and the Colonnade of the Hall of Fame are situated, are increasing from year to year, and the correspondence at the Director's office has the widest possible range. Evidences are constantly being received that the Hall of Fame is fulfilling its great purposes, and the interest and pride of the country are already enlisted in its support.

The question of what constitutes fame will always be debatable. Murray's *English Dictionary* defines it as "the condition of being much talked about, chiefly in a good sense; or, reputation derived from great achievement." Chancellor MacCracken held that "fame is the opinion of the wise in regard to great men, accepted and held by the multitude of the people". My only amendment to that would be to insert the word "intelligent" before the word "people". Obviously, it is easy to confuse popularity, temporary vogue, and the multiplication of one's deeds with the more solid considerations that underlie fame. P. T. Barnum and Gene Tunney, who would doubtless receive a very large vote in a plebiscite, would hardly be entitled to the franchises of the College of Electors. That in the six quinquennial elections the work of the Electors has been admirably conducted is manifest from the very small amount of criticism of their choices. I think it may safely be said also that they are more desirous to exclude names that should have no place in such a roster than to make sure of including every person whose claim to inclusion would be defensible. As time goes on and the names

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of greatest reputation are substantially included, it will become more and more the province of the Electors to choose persons who are not popularly famous, particularly to a later generation, but who *ought* to be so. For instance, in certain industrial branches of science it is easy for the public to discover the merits of inventors or thinkers, but there are many scientific accomplishments which are not known to the general public and not appreciated by it, and, in order to make an adequate tribute to these, the mere fact of vogue will become more and more negligible. James Bryce in *The American Commonwealth* remarked the large number of scientific and scholarly Americans working devotedly but, so far as the general public is concerned, almost obscurely.

Of the one hundred and fifty names that may be chosen by the year 2000, sixty-five have already been placed in the Colonnade on bronze tablets, and above each of these is to be placed a bronze bust. In Chancellor MacCracken's time, only two of these busts were erected, namely, those of Horace Mann and Robert Fulton. Since 1921, forty-two more have been placed—that is, an average of seven each year. At this rate, before the election of 1930, all the remaining busts will be secured. These busts are the gifts of appropriate organizations or institutions in various parts of the country, and this coöperation (to the total extent of $140,000) broadens the public and patriotic interest. The reader may be glad to be reminded of the names thus far chosen for the Colonnade. They are, in the order of their selection:

George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses Simpson Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert Fulton, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Washington Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, David Glasgow Farragut, Henry Clay, Harriet Beecher Stowe, George Peabody, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, Robert Edward Lee, Horace Mann, Mary Lyon, John James Audubon, James Kent, Henry Ward Beecher, Joseph Story, John Adams, William Ellery Channing, Gilbert Charles Stuart, Asa Gray, John Quincy Adams, James Russell Lowell, William Tecumseh Sherman, Charlotte Cushman, James Madison, John Greenleaf Whittier, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, Andrew Jackson, John Lothrop Motley, Maria Mitchell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe, James Fenimore Cooper, Phillips Brooks, Emma Willard, Alexander Hamilton, Mark Hopkins, Francis Park-

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man, Louis Agassiz, Elias Howe, Joseph Henry, Rufus Choate, Daniel Boone, Frances Elizabeth Willard, Samuel Langhorne Clemens ("Mark Twain"), Roger Williams, James Buchanan Eads, William Thomas Green Morton, Patrick Henry, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Alice Freeman Palmer, Edwin Booth and John Paul Jones.

Of the twenty-one busts not yet in place, four are promised and will probably be unveiled, with others, in May, 1928. They are those of Agassiz, due to the initiative of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; of Whittier, the gift of the Quakers of America; of Morse, from the telegraphic fraternity and friends and admirers of Professor Morse; and of John Paul Jones, which, it is expected, will be provided by members of the Masonic Order.

This leaves only seventeen busts yet to be finally arranged for. They are those of—

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Joseph Story, John Quincy Adams, James Russell Lowell, James Madison, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, John Lothrop Motley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Fenimore Cooper, Emma Willard, Francis Parkman, Elias Howe, Rufus Choate and Patrick Henry.

One does not honor a great man by erecting a mediocre memorial of him. Remembering this, it has been the aim of the authorities to safeguard the quality of the sculpture in the Colonnade. This has been done by the advice of an Art Committee, now consisting of three past-presidents of the National Sculpture Society, themselves sculptors of enviable reputation, and there will be a rigid adherence to this policy. With two or three exceptions, all of the busts in the Colonnade are by American sculptors, and only a few of these are replicas. Hereafter, replicas will be excluded and the work will be distributed among the leading American sculptors who have devoted themselves to portraiture; for it must be remembered that a sculptor may excel in every other branch of his art without having a special talent for faithful artistic portrayal of human expression.

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SILK STOCKINGS AND SEDITION

BY HENRIETTE WEBER

SOMEONE has suggested that "silk stockings and sedition," as a suave phrase, blandly hides more than a half truth behind its smooth alliteration. Perhaps it does. Again, perhaps it doesn't. The silk stocking has for many a year been a provocative simile for social exclusiveness, a label for class distinctions, and finally a bit of political slang, sarcastically applied by those who can see in social contrasts nothing but an unjust distribution of worldly goods. In the staid and honest days of the early Nineteenth Century—it sounds very far away—the Whig who was not averse to being considered also an aristocrat, was scornfully dubbed "a Silk Stocking" by his political enemies. The gibe has been resuscitated to do active duty in recent years in accounts of political battles, especially since women are voting. Now used to designate the more fashionable precincts of a city, the term has less of opprobium and more of accurate description in its usage. It is less a gibe than a compliment, and an altogether impersonal one at that. But what of the spirit behind it?

Here then, if one dug deep enough, might be unearthed the suspicion, at least, of a seditious spirit—of the envy, malice and unrest that bespeak a rebellious state of mind. And yet rebellion comes from an inability to get what we want. Not getting what we want—can such a state of affairs conceivably be applied to American women? But to come back to our hosiery—

Taken literally, does the silk stocking with all it symbolizes really cause a single turbulent thought in the feminine bosom? Do women cherish a rebellious spirit when not able to possess untold and unnumbered appurtenances of apparel? Does lavish display of extravagant luxuries create a desire to throw bricks through plate glass windows? We doubt it. Or, if sedition in any form or degree does come to the fore, its expression is confined to those unloved exemplars of feminine severity who decry, in a

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bespectacled chorus, the indulgence of any vain show as so many enticements of the devil. And if this be so, with reference to the origin of said enticements, then it makes all the more certain a fact which has never been successfully controverted—that the devil is *always* a gentleman. He ought, therefore, at least to know what men like! It is to be suspected that feminine intuition, so carefully practiced and encouraged throughout the ages, has taught women, also, to know what men like. "Vain enticements," indeed! Rather, dire necessities. And if the result is the popularization of the silk stocking plus a multitude of extra-costumal accessories, until these have become part and parcel of everyday life, so much the better for everyone concerned. The woman who cares how she looks is a much more pleasing vision than the one who doesn't. And whether she dresses for men, or for other women, or for herself, what does it matter, so long as she realizes that it pays to advertise the good points the Lord has given her, and so makes the most of them.

Sedition, one surmises, is really confined to the few benighted creatures who let their theories run away with their appearance. Their more rational sisters either satisfy their suppressed desires by arduous wishing—or in the acquisition of imitations, when the luxurious and costly originals are denied them. And the imitations and copies are frequently so good that they are quite soul-satisfying even to the fastidious woman who might not be expected to find content in so adorning herself.

This is one very important and influential reason why the flaunting of expensive finery causes so little rebellion among women, why sedition makes little headway. Most of us do not go in for social economy; we are too busy practicing personal economy. Or, if you do not want to call it economy, label it "careful planning". Besides, the ubiquitous "just as good" argument makes a great appeal to women. And it generally sounds convincing. Then, too, the intelligent application of adaptibility helps. Making much of little or the "just as good" requires an elastic technique in which women, for the most part, are experts. What they achieve is well worth the effort. Just because the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady *are* sisters under their skins, they naturally—from the viewpoint of Judy—want to

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be as nearly as possible of the same class on the outside of their epidermises. So Judy goes to work to obliterate all class distinction as well as she possibly can and in no other country in the world do the Judys accomplish their end with such success.

And then think of the beneficent psychological effect of looking one's best!

"These earrings . . . I'm not afraid of the devil himself, when I have them on," said a demure young woman. (Oh yes! they still happen, occasionally, these days!) Was there a glint of the Old Boy himself in her eyes, as she made the remark? In any case the ear appendages, long and elaborate of design, did give her an air of daring somewhat foreign to her otherwise quiet demeanor.

"When I hear my silk petticoat rustling, it gives me just so much more backbone," I remember a friend saying years ago. Of course that was back in the Dark Ages when we still wore petticoats. Now no woman wears enough clothes to make a rustle. She has to develop that backbone nerve not from any musical swish of her garments, but rather from the close-clasping "feel" of them which tells her she is achieving that "boyish slenderness" which is the style standard of the hour.

The silk stocking may figuratively spell class distinctions, but there is certainly nothing more democratic, judging by the sight of them everywhere. And certainly price is no deterrent to popularity.

"How they do it, I don't know, but they *do* do it," said an observant woman, watching two gum-chewing young flappers gaily striding along Fourteenth Street. There they were in tight fitting, black satin coats; of a dubious quality to be sure, but satin for all that, and with a bit of dead white cat about the neck. Smart little felt hats topped off their perfectly correct bobs—the hats imitations of Paris's latest cry, but costing, at the most, about one-tenth of what an "original French model" would bring. And there was a long expanse of slender leg encased in silken stocking, nothing less.

Finery is as prevalent as the love of it. Test this for yourself. Saunter along Hester Street, for instance, on a bright Saturday afternoon, or through any other crowded thoroughfare of New

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York's much advertised "lower East Side" which some are threatening to turn into standardized respectability and corresponding dullness. All the vivid glimpses of Old World customs and costumes will soon be gone. And then everybody down there will be a walking model of cheap and standardized ready-to-wears, in varying degrees of effectiveness. For the moment, however, before this metamorphosis takes place, you may still see in every block dozens of dramatic contrasts—Old World conservatism vying with New World progress. Picturesque old immigrant peasant women, bare-headed, or with clean white kerchiefs mysteriously twisted into an artistic headdress. What do they think, one wonders, at the manners of their flapper granddaughters and the cheap and perishable finery with which they bedeck themselves?

But to come back to our original theme: Does the feminine bosom heave with malice and envy at the sight of super-expensive finery in the shop windows, or anywhere else? Is there a keen, or even faint desire, on the part of Judy O'Grady to throw a brick through a window on upper Fifth Avenue, and thereby damage the glittering evening gown and costly accessories that are posed to render a picture of dazzling extravagance? Does she become seditious minded because she can not have these things? No, no more than Johnny, pressing a freckled nose against the glass of a bakery window, translates his gluttony into punishable action, however hungry he may be. The women who "must have nice things" but can not afford the costly prettinesses, are saved from sedition, perdition, and general unhappiness by their intuitive ability to look approximately "right" even on the most slender purse strings. The adaptability of the American woman is something to shout about. She is far ahead of other women in this respect. She is as much a past master in getting the most out of her clothes, as she is in mostly getting out of them—since fashion seems to be urging that way. Following fashion's demands is her delight. And taking her by and large, not individually but collectively, she pretty universally plays the game with rare skill. Even the cheapest imitation is worn with a certain air, when the wearer belongs to the class that can feel comfortable in that sort of thing. And where the cheaper imitation or copy does not an-

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swer the purpose, then expediency, cleverness, and good taste combine to do the job admirably. The result is, a well-dressed woman.

All this helps to bridge the gap between desire and fulfilment, when it comes to clothes. Therefore the truly artistic window exhibitions of high-priced merchandise are examined with more curiosity than envy. They serve as mines of information and authentic guides, whereby your keen-eyed woman learns what's what in the season's mode. After a careful survey of such window offerings, less expensive copies may be the more correctly and intelligently selected.

Sedition? Pouf! Our women know how to dress well by instinct, and, that being the case, why bother with a brick and a ruined window, or with red hot meetings where the unfairness of the favored few can be violently discussed? Isn't it the unalienable right of every woman to look as well the Colonel's Lady? It is! And knowing that fact, she sets about having her silk stockings and everything else to go with them by resorting to clever copying, to an innate aptitude for the right thing, and an untiring alertness as to the ever-changing vagaries of style.

These are weapons far more effective in conquering the unsuspecting male, in subduing the rival female, and in making the world her oyster, than a seditious programme ever could be. Instead of "heaving a brick" at a Paris "creation", she stops, looks, and lingers to note the details of color and design, that she may turn this information into a "creation" of her own making at a cost of thirty cents on the dollar and still be happy. Carlyle knew his *Sartor Resartus*. Very well. Clothes make the woman too; and women know it.

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A MID-VICTORIAN NORDIC

BY JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK

"To browse" has always rather a goatish, graminivorous connotation, that calls up pictures of blameless men reclining on the sward of some library, the while they chew improving literature or at the very least refresh themselves with the succulent and nutritious bindings. I do not know precisely what other word to use than this, though out of the stencil treasury, and it is of little importance anyhow, for browsing I was, in a famous and benevolent shelter, where there are a great many books and the readers do not put their feet on the tables.

I was browsing, looking at titles, glancing at pages, and hiding my weakness behind the respectability of much printed stuff when I should have been working very hard upon a task distinctly urgent and more—shall we say?—vital. A quest or a job that is vital is all right; the word itself is splendid and full of drollness; a catholic word, that takes in mattress advertisements and Chamber of Commerce literature. Well, as I browsed and avoided the eye of my conscience, I lighted upon a quaint old book not seen for many years. It told about parrots and gold, about galleons and Devon housekeeping, bearing no less a title than the exclamatory one of *Westward Ho! The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh.* Written about the time of, or just before, the Crimean War, it can be called one of the successful English novels, a fine large piece of fiction roast beef that even now has juice in it for our sophisticated palates. It is a robustious novel, an *à priori* novel, about as much fitted to the actual life of 1928 as a movie star to the cabin of the *Speedwell;* but an interesting novel, for its scenery and costumes and good spirits. Thackeray, who wrote the best period novel in the English language, liked Kingsley and called him "a fine, go ahead fellow", but he thought he had little knowledge of the world; a quite just judgment of a man and a type that never acquire such knowledge.

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Westward Ho! was an immediate success; the Mid-Victorians liked it because it really was interesting and pleased the national trend of thought; it was read across the Channel in the sunny land whose critics regarded with respectful indulgence a clergyman of the English Church who liked fox hunting, was a mild Socialist, and took to novel writing, but not in the style of that other divine, the Rev. Laurence Sterne. The book went as far as Paris, where Émile Montégut, then a young man, wrote twenty-five pages about it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1855. It was a good review, according to the tastes of the period; it was very full, dared long quotations, and showed rather more instinctive understanding of the English of the day than did the much more famous work of Taine. The novel itself is old fashioned; it has the large, well meaning unwieldiness of the marble topped sideboard, and if a man wrote such a book today, it would meet with little patience at the hands of those whom Mr. Dooley might call the school of rapid fire critics. It is long, devilish long; there is dialogue by the hundredweight, and its proportions faintly recall those of *Le Grand Cyrus;* there is nothing homœopathic about it, this large and joyous bolus of a romance, but it is streaked with interest just the same.

You do not have to read *Westward Ho!* but simply to hear about it and its aquiline, outstanding feature, its beautiful, unabashed Nordicism that makes the book a social and political exhibit of the days when the Nordic could raise his voice and with a good deal of approval, even in the United States. To us who live in a much more enlightened age this is bound to be interesting; in fact it would be incredible were it not that there is the book itself, an evidence of what could be done once on a time. We of the present time have had it proved conclusively to us that the Nordic, especially if he be blonde, is an ill fellow. Next, we have had it shown beyond cavil that he never existed. Finally, we have been made to see that those who have sheeps-eyed prejudices for the Nordic are engaged in a sinister wraith worship. Of course, there are still some indurated champions who say a word or two for the Nordic, but these will soon fall away, buried beneath the weight of their own shame. In 1855, the world was different, and Kingsley could display this happy confidence, but one can imagine the

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fate (and the sales) of any American who should write such a novel today.

Though Montégut wrote some three score years and twelve ago, putting his thoughts in a different garb from what they would wear now, he makes the same objections to Kingsley's attitude that Anti-Nordics would make today. What he says is admirably restrained and clear, but it amounts to this: Kingsley is "*trop* Anglican", and when he wrote *Westward Ho!* he was come to a state of mind where the Anglican Church's polity and teaching were the only instruments of perfection, at least on this round globe. Montégut had colorable excuse for what he said; it is not angry or resentful, but it is the rejoinder of a very cultivated Frenchman who knew better than Kingsley what was the Gallican Church and what excellences it had engendered in Frenchmen. He plainly thought that he was criticising a theological or ecclesiastical prepossession too blindly Protestant, when really what he did not like was Kingsley's trend of political conviction, which we of today can recognize as "Nordic". Kingsley somewhat boisterously affirmed that the British-Germanic way of looking at life was superior to the Latin, or Southern, or Near Eastern, or whichever name you give it, and was smug about it in rather a pathetic way; but you must remember that it was the day of mutton chop whiskers and assurance, just as modesty and despair are the fashion of these days.

As you read Montégut's review, this becomes clearer; of course he must dislike the Englishman's implication that only in the Establishment can be found the homespun fundamentals of the good life and normal State. But that, after all, is more or less theology, and gentlemen are not going to fall out because of a little damnation. What matters much more to the Frenchman is Kingsley's bland premise, his heavy footed assumption, that the British are the only people who can be trusted not to take the spoons. One cannot, as a man and a brother, quarrel with Montégut's mild impatience with Kingsley's reasoning, which is elegantly simple. All the people in *Westward Ho!* who do good things are British and belong to the Established Church; ergo, there is only one shop to go to, and that is Britain, and the Established Church comes second. Translate this into modern

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terms, and you have Nordicism, or what the Anti-Nordics insist that it is. Kingsley could do this and go unscathed, because the world had not yet awakened to the Nordic peril, nor had the Golden Rule been hammered into brass knuckles.

To object that about the time that *Westward Ho!* was published, America had Fernando Wood of pious memory, and the Know Nothings, does not get one very far. Nor does it furnish a good enough parallel to the present day when the Nordic has been expelled from Abraham's bosom. Turn again to Montégut. He reproaches Kingsley temperately, almost regretfully, exhibiting the delicacy of treatment that shows the good workman he was, but he reproaches Kingsley that he should so boisterously enshrine the Elizabethan Englishman. Listen to his inner tone, not to his formal syllables, and you perceive it to be precisely of the school which attacks Nordicism in this year of grace. With a little comparing and paraphrasing, we see in Montégut's objections and the attitude of the Anti-Nordic in the United States, the conflict between the two ideals of political organization that Sidgwick describes in his *Elements*, the conflict between the cosmopolitan ideal and the national ideal. The first does not contemplate any particular portion of the human race as inhabitants of any particular State, while the second does. This ideal does not fall back on any *à priori* King Brute, but on what it is convinced is empiric fact. Kingsley was talking to a public with "a certain vaguely defined complex of particular characteristics which we call 'the national character'"; the devoted Nordic in America is talking as though such a complex ought at least to exist. The Cosmopolitan and his little brother rather excitedly deny this deduction, giving their audience the impression that they regard themselves as affronted.

This feature, in a controversy that only the slow mill-work of the gods can decide, is usually ignored, although the respective protagonists are fully conscious of it. The Nordic, the more sophisticated descendant of Charles Kingsley's school of political thought, has a lingo greatly developed beyond that of Mid-Victorian days. He is but too well acquainted with the log rolling methods of thinking produced by nominal equalitarianism, and more or less bullied by the mesmerism of majorities and that pre-

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tentious fraud, "the collective mind". In the United States he is sincerely desirous not to hurt any one's feelings; he does not tell his opponents: "You dislike us, not so much on account of our formal principles, as because you know you are not as good as we are." The Anti-Nordic does not say, "We know what you say is true and we dislike you for it," for such excruciating testimonies went out of fashion with the coming of the ballot box. On both sides there is fear of saying what one thinks and it must be done away with before the matter is settled. Perhaps a little moral courage will do the trick; but then, that is only speculation.

Kingsley wrote at a time when full blooded Britons were not worrying much about their own or other peoples' feelings. There was John Stuart Mill, but he was more or less alone in a certain sensitiveness of prophecy. It was actually a time when the English speaking world, though it had emerged from the Hogarthian mood of the Eighteenth Century, still believed that what was true should be stated without deference to those who might not like it. That period has been called utilitarian among other things, and it had its Manchester School; the present may be called that of Expediency. Kingsley was having a thoroughly good time in his own way with his own crowd, for all that the worthy Pusey disapproved him as a dangerous fellow. A man may still enjoy himself in this way here and there in Great Britain, but in the United States it is a fearsome zest. Nowadays in America we do not have to consider the feelings of the Nordic, but we are expected to tread very softly on the moral toes of the Anti-Nordics; having once adapted the movie technique to social and political thought, we must continue, detesting analysis with the fervor of those who adopt an unliterate system. With Kingsley, it was just the other way about, and this is what makes *Westward Ho!* a museum piece.

As the thesis of Kingsley's book reminds one of today's devoted band of Nordics and their cause, so Montégut's criticism anticipated that of 1928. He admired the book, liked its pictures, even conceded some psychology to its delineation of character, but sheered off at its prejudice. For the life of him he could not believe that the England of Amyas Leigh was peopled exclusively by brave men and good women: "England was not absolutely

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peopled with religious men, modest women, brave and elegant gentlemen and learned men without pedantry." He was quite right; it wasn't, but the thing to be observed is that Kingsley had some foundations for his flamboyance. He had plenty of Elizabethan dramatists and Victorian history writers that he might have digested before he committed himself to a partiality that was bound to rasp Latin susceptibility. That is plain enough; but discounting this primæval delight with one's own tribe, and unless we admit that most English written history is worthless, we shall have to confess that Kingsley had colorable ground for his enthusiasm.

Here again one thinks of comparing the mood of 1855 with that of 1928. The Anti-Nordics are so busy demolishing the Nordic-American claims, really those of the transplanted English speaking people in the America of a hundred years ago, that one is bound to speculate how the foundations of these United States could ever have been laid by such an inferior lot. Still struggling with this bewilderment, one may turn to the present and be further puzzled by the eccentric and exotic virtues of the Non-Nordic, if not indeed a good deal disappointed in them; yet the institutions of which they are such loud enjoyers and defenders are not of their making. Looking at the present conditions, one is distinctly conscious of a difference in ethical carriage and outlook; I do not mean in the sense of moral pocket handkerchiefs, but in the sense that so called Anglo-Saxon notions are discouraged. It is idle to say that these notions are the same as the Latin or Near Eastern, for they are not, whatever the exigencies of diplomatic politeness; and what has proved best for the State according to these Anglo-Saxon notions, is at least more and more denied its origin. This is carried so far in a literature more noticeable than it was a few years ago, that the Anti-Nordics will soon produce or have already produced the same phenomenon that always waits round the corner for such counter-movements. They are demonstrating that the spirit of the Nordic is no more narrow minded than their own, no more exclusive and no more unfair.

Montégut, a very fair minded critic, comes near falling into this same error. He gently rails at Kingsley's Mid-Victorian

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unctuousness, and with reason enough, yet quite overlooks the Latin indulgence in just the same kind of smooth self gratulation. Really, the sentiments aroused in the Anglo-Saxon bosom by such parades as Virginie's firm refusal to take off her shift when the ship was wrecked—"*cette digne demoiselle qui n'a jamais voulu se déshabiller*"—these sentiments are quite as justified as Montégut's when Kingsley tells the world all about the perfectness of the Elizabethan English. It is too beautiful, too ineffably complacent, his picture, to fail of an effect. So is the Latin, which makes one speculate whether the Mediterranean and the Alpine have not some robust little prejudices of their own, and are not quite as one sided as they portray the unrepentant Nordic, the poor red faced wretch and often blonde, too.

In 1855, and its Antediluvian society, a Nordic could stick his racial chest out and take no harm; splash as a water baby and not be reprehended nor called names for being as the Lord made him. He dates, now; he is out of fashion; he is old stuff, our excellent Kingsley, and he has a glowing verbosity. Perhaps in a century or two, a paraphrase of his views will not be dangerous and the Nordic will be tolerated, but with qualifications, like the polar bear. Kingsley was not enlightened, as we are now, but he might seem to have been much freer. He is old fashioned, just as the foxes with tails are old fashioned beside those that have laid theirs on the altar of progress. As things are now in the United States, were a novelist temerarious enough to write a whole romance booming the Nordic, his end would be terrible and he could be read with safety only in lonely hill towns where the wind sweeps over the hard roads and the family daguerreotypes cower on the wallpaper.

It may annoy the Fundamentalists of either camp to say it, but these currents of mass sentiment go pretty much in cycles; De Maistre was quite sure that Locke was dead and buried, though the great rationalist never disturbed him in the way Voltaire did. Then we have Kingsley and his *Westward Ho!* an honest man, a gallant writer, but somewhat dominated by what George Tyrrell called an "impatient appetite for the comfort and self complacency of a certitude" in his attitude toward those who do not agree with him. Those were the days when Cobden was

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sure that a rich man could squeeze through the eye of a free trade needle, and but a few years before the courts had settled that employers in dealing with employees who had been careless enough to get themselves damaged should not be held slavishly to the Golden Rule. De Maistre and Charles Kingsley alike would have disapproved very much of Mr. Harold J. Laski. I tremble to think what Kingsley would have thought of Mr. Laski's opinion that "it is our business to set the law to the rhythm of modern life". Another swing of the pendulum, though it is generally pushed, another movement of it, and we have Signor Mussolini and his moral-political system of Machiavelli-cum-Cellini and mediævalism galvanized into action. He would outdo all the gentlemen who have been projected upon the screen; he would silence De Maistre as a man of scruples and throw Kingsley and Laski to the lions, at any rate as soon as the Imperial Circus Maximus has had new plumbing and upholstery.

There is no meaning in the word "modern" for the man who is sure that he is eternally right—why should there be? The De Maistres and Kingsleys were on both sides perfectly sure they were right in their respective schemes, but neither had run up against the Nordic question, for in those days men took very nationalist views. The Precisian may object that the Anti-Nordic stand of such men as Mussolini is exclusive and plainly hostile to the Nordic, but then the Precisian is always making trouble about little things. The great object of our marvelling must be Kingsley's setting in the age of cocksureness and the fact that fearlessly he could write as he did. It is, as another dominie, but of the Scotch persuasion, would have said, "Prodigious".

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WHY KING JAMES STILL LIVES

BY CALVIN T. RYAN

THE fact that the Bible remains our best seller year after year is clearly a utilitarian argument for its worth. The fact that we are getting as many editions and versions of the Bible as we have of Homer, shows also that it is worthy of the attention of our scholars. There are not many homes in the United States that have not Bibles or Testaments of some shape, or binding, or translation, about the house. Whether the families read them is another story. Whether they believe them is likewise another story. The point is that the great majority of people consider the owning of a Bible as equivalent to telling all comers that they are civilized; at least not pagans. There is in the mind of most people, I believe, the idea that the Bible is a symbol of civilization.

Why is this true? Why is the Bible the best seller? Why do scholars devote their time to making it more understandable? And why has it lived throughout the centuries and increased in its popularity while other religious books have disappeared and lost prestige? The teachings of the Bible account primarily, it is patent, for the popularity and the universality of this book. But we must not lose sight of the fact that the style of the language in which it is written has something to do with its popularity and with its lasting quality. Thoughts that are great and thoughts that are not great frequently become current knowledge for no reason other than the language in which they are couched. Look at the numerous wise saws and adages which will not bear too close scrutiny. Notice that persons not given to reflective thinking will overstock themselves with these pithy remarks, and may seem as a result to be wise men, when in reality they are but little more than learned abracadabras. The appeal of the wise saw and the adage is in the language, not always in the thought. They are written in a terse, catchy, easily remembered

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phraseology. "In reality it is not of so much consequence what you say," Alexander Smith says, "as how you say it."

Most readers are probably more familiar with the King James Version than with any other translation of the Bible. In beauty of style this translation has never been surpassed. It is unfortunate in arrangement on the printed page, but the style itself is unexcelled. It may be that many of our recent translations are more easily understood, provided we mean by that that the definitions of the words used, and the order in which the words stand, are more nearly like our present day English. The style of the King James Version has a rhythm and a perfectness of expression that we moderns do not always relish. Accustomed to O. Henry and Sinclair Lewis, our ears are no longer attuned to the periods and to the music of the King James translation.

"Does it make any difference?" I hear some one ask. "I prefer to understand what I read. I care nothing about the style in which it is written." Probably not; but style is subtle. It affects one unawares. Lovers of music did not have to know Italian in order to enjoy Caruso sing. Real lovers of music create for themselves as the singer sings, or the pianist plays. Listening to music is never a passive experience for the person who enjoys music. It is, on the other hand, always active. Greatness of music transcends language, but it is not equally great sung in different languages. The language of the words does add something.

Style is like language for the singer. If the language is fitted to the song, the singer can make the most of it; he is inhibited by only his own vocal ability. It will either aid him in his effects, or else it will handicap him. Style of writing may prevent the writer from conveying his moods and thoughts, or it may help him. The writer, we must remember, tries to do two things when he writes: he tries for expression and for impression. His tools are language—words.

One morning, in chapel, one of the professors read the story of the Prodigal Son from one of the newer translations. The students listened, for they were startled into interest. I went to my class directly after the exercises, and at the beginning of the period one of the members said, "Was that an O. Henry story

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that Professor —— read this morning?" The other members applauded his well chosen irony. There was no lesson in the Prodigal Son for them that morning. The change of style, its modernity, had killed the lesson. Needless to say that part of the prejudice was because the students had been reared on the King James Version; and what one is reared on has a tendency to show itself even late in life. But not all the irony of the young man's question can be so easily explained away. Those students were studying style. They knew why style was effective. They knew something of the psychology involved. Neither were they ignorant of the fact that style is such a vital part of the message that it is hard to distinguish between manner and matter.

There are some things which can not be arrived at by reason. They must be felt, appreciated, experienced. Beauty, for one thing, can not; truth can not; and I doubt that religion can. All matters of the heart as opposed to the head are felt and experienced; never reasoned about or proved. Most of the technique of the Great Teacher is involved in His appeal to the imagination. Not having any basis for His description of Heaven other than the earthly things, He used those about Him. The life which He wanted His followers to lead could not be explained to His particular audiences other than by figurative language; hence Jesus used metaphorical language. Knowing that He was talking to a highly emotional and imaginative people, He used the imaginative appeal. "To read in practical language is to be told," Max Eastman says, "but to read in poetry is to learn by experience." Jesus spoke and taught through poetic symbols. Through those symbols He hoped to have His listeners experience what he meant.

Bryant expresses the same idea when he says:

> I would not always reason. The straight path
> Wearies us with the never-varying lines,
> And we grow melancholy. I would make
> Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
> Patiently by the wayside, while I traced
> The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
> Around me. She should be my counsellor,
> But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs
> Impulses from a deeper source than hers,

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And there are motions, in the mind of man,
That she must look upon with awe. I bow
Reverently to her dictates, but not less
Hold to the fair illusions of old time—
Illusions that shed brightness over life,
And glory over Nature.

My answer to the person who says that it does not matter how the story is written so long as it conveys the truth, is that it does matter, and it matters much more than we are apt to admit upon first thought. Take any one of the Psalms, juggle the words a bit, though so as not to change its meaning, and immediately the effect of the song is gone. Professor George Sprau illustrates this by taking the Nineteenth Psalm. First recall the opening lines as we commonly say it:

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth His handiwork;
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night revealeth knowledge;
There is no speech, there are no words,
Neither is their voice heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.

Now read the same ideas expressed as follows:

The firmament showeth the handiwork of God,
And the heavens declare His glory;
Revealeth knowledge night unto night,
And uttereth speech day unto day;
No words are there, no speech is there,
Neither is heard their voice.
Through all the earth is their line gone out,
And to the end of the world their words.

In the second rendering the tone color of the original is gone; the rhythm is gone. The vivid ideal that inspired love and reverence in the writer is lacking in the second version; the substance of meaning remains. Is the effect, is the unconscious effect, of the second perceptible at all? We have omitted the thing that made the first translation beautiful, and when that was omitted, the Psalm lost its effect upon us.

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This is no brief against versions and translations. Undoubtedly they have cleared up passages that would otherwise have remained vague if not meaningless. My brief is that the language in which the Truth of God is couched has much to do with the message which it conveys. Expression is not the whole of translation; there must be impression too. For this reason I say that the style of the King James Version suits both the truth and the message, and when we translate for substance, for thought only, we are apt to minimize the subtle effects produced by style. Where it is impossible to tell the people in "practical language", that is, in prose, let them read it in poetry and "learn by experience".

We should remember that in reading the Bible reason should be our guide, but sometimes reason should sit "patiently by the wayside", while we, in our mind's eye, trace "the mazes of the pleasant wilderness" ever about us. There are many "pleasant wildernesses" in the Bible.

According to the accepted judgment of our greatest critics of style, we have nothing in universal literature, either sacred or profane, excelling the style of the classical Hebrews, Greeks and Romans. Had not the original of our Bible been great, the first translations could not have been great. The men who gave us our first English translations—Wycliffe, Tyndale, Coverdale, and then the King James Version—were men who took pains with their writings; men who felt the beauty of style. They had been nurtured on the classics. They were apparently, also, men who knew the influence of style upon the matter.

Textual variations are well enough for sectarian argument and for bibliophiles, but the great truths of God transcend language. If we search for them we can find them in whatever language we happen to read, or in whatever version we happen to own. Substance or matter is the essential, to be sure; yet we should not deprive ourselves of the whole effect. If we could get a version in which the matter would be as clear as it is in some of our modern translations, and at the same time have the style as suited to the thought as it is in the King James Version, then we should rest content.

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ATHLETICS FOR GIRLS

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THE mere mention of "athletics for girls" is sure to stimulate a heated argument in almost any assembly today. It is a modern No Man's Land. Vigorous vocal action can always be assured by the announcement of such a topic. Proponents and opponents in all walks of life will be found to be fairly evenly divided. The argument is never settled because of the fact that few people use the same vocabulary. They may use the same words but with different meanings.

"Competitive athletics" is the phrase that is many times used. It, in itself, is a misnomer, because all athletics are competitive. It is simply another way of saying competitive competition. When one person talks about athletics, he visualizes the emotionalized interschool contests of the modern high school or college. When another person speaks about athletics he may have reference to the great mass of athletic games which go on in connection with the physical education programme in the school, without spectators and conducted in a perfectly natural way.

In this ever present argument some people visualize girls' athletics in their worst possible form. They see State championship matches in basketball, where girls are called upon to travel long distances and play in exhausting elimination tournaments. They see track meets for girls who have been coached by men. They see great stadiums with throngs of spectators in a highly emotional state. They see games played under boys' rules, coached, managed, and officiated by men. They see an utter disregard for the girls' physiological conditions. They see the girl athlete in the Sunday supplement. They see as an object city, State, National, and possibly International championships for girls.

On the other hand, those who see good in girls' athletic activi-

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ties see a participation which involves all the girls of an institution in activities adapted to the organic needs of the girl. They see the girl properly costumed. They see the teams coached, officiated and managed by well trained, mature women leaders. They see the group of girls building up an organic capacity and acquiring standards of behavior of a very high order.

So it is that the mere phrase "competitive athletics", or "athletics for girls", has in reality no definition. One might as well ask, "How long is a string?" as to ask, "Are athletics for girls bad?" It all depends upon conditions. What are these conditions?

The conditions relative to girls' athletics are precisely the same as the conditions relative to boys' athletics. Boys' athletics which involve activities not adapted to the needs of the boy and conducted under highly emotional situations, with selfish leaders who care more for the click of the camera, the scratch of the reporter's pen and the gate receipts than they do for the boy, are bad. Much of the athletics in junior and senior high schools and colleges fall under this category. It is obvious, then, that if girls' athletics merely ape boys' athletics, they are likely to be bad for the very reason that many of the boys' activities are bad. The earmarks of bad athletics, whether they involve boys or girls, will always centre around *intensive coaching of a few, neglect of the many, spectators, gate receipts, State and National championships.* Such activities are not educational. They exist to give publicity to the coach, the principal of the school, the president of the university, the alumni, some local newspaper, the town boosters' club, and the players.

An interesting situation presents itself; namely, that those who today are most vigorous in their condemnation of athletics, both for boys and for girls, are the ones who are at fault for the muddle in which we find the present athletic situation. This group of people, who have only themselves to blame, are high school principals, Boards of Education, college presidents, and Boards of Directors of colleges and universities. This is the group of people who, over a series of years, refused to recognize the educational content of athletics. They are the group of people who forced student associations to organize, raise their own money, build

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their own stadiums, hire their own coaches, and, incidentally, spend their own gate receipts. This is the group of people who refused to finance a programme of athletics as one of the important phases of education.

That situation is largely a thing of the past. The school men of the country are vigorously taking hold of the athletic situation both for boys and for girls and a solution is in sight. Education today is upon an activity basis. All learning is through some form of activity, mental or physical. In physical activities all of the value lies in participation: none in the onlooking. No longer can we make excuses that the spectators acquire "loyalty to the school", or "get relaxation", or "are out in the fresh air." These are platitudes. The value is in the *doing of the activities*. Therefore, plans must be so laid that every child in the school is given an opportunity to take part in *activities adapted to his capacities*. It is through activities that individuals are educated. Looming large in these activities, especially in connection with physical education, are what we call playground activities, "athletics", or "athletic games". Physical activities adapted to the needs of the girl, conducted under proper leadership, lay the basis for development. Development which is laid in this way is fourfold.

One is the development of organic power. This is probably best illustrated in what we call endurance or vitality. It means simply the power to expend great energy and to withstand fatigue. This organic power is today tremendously needed. It is a matter of common knowledge that many of the men in present day positions of great responsibility were raised on the farm. In the big-muscle activities on the farm their organic power or endurance was obtained. More and more there is a strain upon the nervous system. There is the hurry and worry of business life. If men are to stand under this strain, there must be built up through big-muscle activities—playground activities during childhood and youth—great organic capacity.

A second is menti-motor development. This means that the latent powers in the neuro-muscular mechanism called strength and skill are developed; and that millions of nerve cells are brought into functional activities under the control of the will.

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This power is greatly needed today in connection with the varied and highly mechanical life that we live. Quick responses learned on the athletic field or in simple games may save a life in the crowded traffic, or prevent accidents in connection with our modern factory system.

A third is the development of the impulses. In the games of childhood and youth the most powerful impulse tendencies of human nature are exercised. Character traits are developed. In the stress of the game the temptation is particularly strong to be unsportsmanlike and violate the rules for the sake of winning. Probably the most effective instance where the child distinguishes right from wrong is when other children point their fingers at him and say, "You didn't play fair." Playground activities offer a tremendous range of opportunities for guidance and the development of the impulses in an approved direction.

Finally, there is the development of judgment. In no phase of education is it necessary to think situations and to will coördinations so rapidly as in playground activities. Judgment is necessary. Action must be instantaneous. A slight error in judgment is fatal to the individual and to his team. The entire being of the player is set upon making a good showing for his team mates. He thinks because thinking is imperative in play to do his best.

Based upon these fourfold objectives are the intermediate and the remote objectives, or what we term standards of behavior; namely, health and character. Over all these objectives and ways of acting is the adult adjustment to the recreational life, namely the right use of leisure.

Several factors are necessary to insure this development. These may be enumerated as follows:

1.—A recognition of athletics as a phase of physical education. Athletic games are in reality the heart of the physical education programme of the adolescent, and are definitely concerned with the "want" of both the boy and the girl.

2.—A recognition of physical education as a phase of general education. This makes necessary a recognition of the educational values of physical education, not just for the physical, but through the physical. It is one of the approaches to education and today must be recognized as one of the most vital approaches.

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3.—A scientific classification of children. All children must be classified in accordance with sex, age, capacity and individual differences. Skilled leadership is necessary. Physical examination must be given. The individual capacity of each child for activity must be determined in order that activities adapted to the individual's need may be prescribed. As soon as this classification of children is properly made, the next step is the adaptation of activities to these needs.

4.—Adaptation of activities to needs. As soon as individual needs have been determined the programme of activity can be planned. Here is where the programme of activities for girls will differ very decidedly from that of activities for boys. Girls who have spent a relatively inactive early childhood, which up to the present time has been less vigorous than the boys, can not suddenly plunge into vigorous activities. On the other hand, physiological differences begin to appear at adolescence. The dangers which are involved in throwing a girl suddenly into the highly charged emotional situation of an athletic game, where she is a representative of the school and there are many spectators, is well pointed out by the experience of Dr. St. Clair Lindsley, who has had a wide experience in her capacity as advisor for girls in connection with the Los Angeles public schools: "The entire endocrine balance is being established and the adolescent girl who is subjected to highly emotional situations is but sowing the seed for a nervous breakdown later on by putting undue stress on these glands of internal secretion, which are trying to adjust themselves to the physiological changes taking place at that time, and are really having all they can do. Moreover, many of our chronic backaches in later life are the results of the 'sacroiliac spreads' which occur through the abuse of the body when not sufficiently developed to withstand the sudden and difficult training involved in athletics."

5.—A proper leadership. This involves thoroughly trained physical directors—men to have charge of boys' activities and women of girls' activities. Without this leadership, good results can not be expected either in connection with physical development or in connection with standards of behavior which are involved in character education and health education.

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Athletics for girls? Certainly! It is one of the basic phases of education. How much? Just as much as the organic examination indicates will give benefit to the individual. When? Throughout life. Where? Anywhere, where results as indicated above can be a product.

As a matter of practical administration this means trained women physical directors, capable of classifying children and adapting activities to their needs. It means an intraschool programme which involves every girl in the institution. It involves the elimination of gate receipts, because gate receipts merely start a vicious cycle. It involves the elimination of the pyramiding games which involve city championships, State championships, National championships, and International championships. It practically means the elimination of the spectator, who, after all, represents the "deep-dyed villain of this drama." Athletics can not be run both as a financial proposition and as an educational proposition, and this is true not only for girls' athletics but also for boys' athletics, whether conducted in high schools, colleges, or universities. If the school does not finance athletics as part of an educational procedure, it can not control athletics. We can squirm and dodge, but we have to go back to what actually happens in practice. If it is finance, it is a desperate try for a winning team, and educational results take second place.

Girls' athletics can be conducted as a phase of education—must be conducted as a phase of education. It is a phase of education upon which we must depend to build organic capacity, the development of the impulses involved in good citizenship and good sportsmanship, upon which we must build our programme of standards involved in character training and health.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

GERMANY ADMONISHED

MR. GILBERT'S dispassionate but convincing memorandum on German finances has mightily "fluttered your Volscians in Corioli", to an expectantly good purpose. Of the amplitude of his information, the accuracy of his representation and the benevolence of his motive, there can be no reasonable doubt. The chief attempt at a reply to him is a protest that he was meddling with something that was none of his business; to which the obvious rejoinder is that it was very much his business. As the official agent for reparations under the Dawes Plan, there could scarcely be anything to concern him more than any conduct on the part of the Reich or its municipalities that might imperil the successful operation of that arrangement. We need not inquire whether the excessive expenditures against which his friendly admonition was directed were indulged in thoughtlessly, or were the acts of "impossibilists" deliberately seeking the arbitrary creation of a *non possumus*. In either case they were calculated to embarrass if not to defeat the Dawes Plan and cause most unfortunate international complications, and thus fully warranted Mr. Gilbert's interposition. Some years ago there were Americans who spent their incomes with unwonted lavishness, in order to reduce the net amount on which they would have to pay a Federal tax. There is, no doubt, a distinction with a difference, and yet also a certain analogy, between that and the German practice of inflating municipal and other expenditures to an extent that would make it impossible to meet the reparation charges. We notice that "Augur" in *The Fortnightly Review* earnestly exhorts "Europe, as a whole, to assist the New Germany in the fight for the triumph of the democratic principle." Agreed. But we trust that the New Germany does not mean one changed from the Junker to the spendthrift or to the Artful Dodger. Our

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impression is that Mr. Gilbert has rendered a substantial service not only to Germany's creditors but also to Germany itself. Defeatists or slackers in time of war are scarcely more censurable than "impossibilists" or spendthrifts in the time of making war settlements under a treaty of peace.

SIGNIFICANT ANNIVERSARIES

The Russian oligarchs have been celebrating the tenth anniversary of Sovietism with the more complete suppression of all freedom of speech and press, with unemployment prevalent as never before, with militarism rampant, with party schism increasing, and with an economic crisis, perhaps *débâcle*, impending. Il Duce commemorated the fifth anniversary of Fascist sovereignty with an extra weighting down of safety valves. Primo de Rivera marked the fourth anniversary of his dictatorship with the abolition of some of the last vestiges of popular government. Meanwhile America recently passed the one hundred and fortieth anniversary of the signing of the Constitution as a matter of course, too commonplace for special notice, in the enjoyment of a governmental system that has stood unchanged longer than any other in the world.

THE CONGRESS BEFORE THE WORLD

The Seventieth Congress meets for its "long session"; which many Members may wish to make at least short enough to permit adjournment before the thick of the Presidential campaign. At most, the session is likely to last six months, in which time it will be called upon to dispose of more than six matters of paramount importance, beside ten times or a hundred times six of real interest to the welfare of the Nation. The Senate can not avoid a determination which may well be epochal of its power to sit as censor upon the acts of States in electing its members; a question lucidly expounded in our pages last month by ex-Senator Wadsworth. The magnitude of the problem of the Mississippi floods was also set forth by General Black, and it has since received added emphasis and urgency through the appalling catastrophe

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in the Connecticut Valley. Agricultural relief still holds the centre of the stage, and the complexity which it presents is expertly shown by Professor Commons in the present issue of this REVIEW. The fiasco at Geneva makes practically certain the introduction of an extensive programme of Naval construction, as forecast in a recent article by Representative Butler. The settlement of our claims against Germany, the simplification and reduction of Federal taxation, the further consolidation of railroad lines and systems, and the secure establishment of an adequate merchant marine—as pleaded for by Mr. Plummer in our November issue—are all matters of comparable moment. Judging from the work of some past Congresses, even Mark Tapley could scarcely hope to see all these tasks satisfactorily achieved in a single session, even the "long" one. Yet we would remind the Congress that it is in a sense on trial before the world for its efficiency. In Italy and Spain, parliaments have practically gone by the board; in other countries they are in a precarious state; and even the "Mother of Parliaments" at Westminster has not been free from some discredit. There is no exaggeration in saying that the world is looking, as never before, to America for a vindication of the popular legislative system. Some men who still resent being called old can recall the eagerness with which people years ago, sick of the ineptitude of the Thirty-ninth, exclaimed, "Roll swift around, ye wheels of time, and bring the Fortieth Congress!" We must hope that there will be no cause for such a demand for a successor to the Seventieth Congress.

THE HISTORIAN AS HERO

Carlyle should have added a seventh to his catalogue of heroes. He gave us Divinity, Prophet, Poet, Priest, Man of Letters, and King. Had he survived to our day he would have made another lecture, on the Historian as Hero, taking for his august theme the spectacle presented in the city of Chicago. For there Mayor Dogberry most admirably emulates the wisdom and the virtue of Shakespeare's famous Thompson; and in nothing more than in his choice of an expert censor of the history books of schools and libraries. Macaulay, Froude, Emerson, Arnold and others have

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written elaborate disquisitions upon the purport of history and the art or science of writing it. But "Big Bill" Dogberry brushes them all aside and, like Thompson addressing "Sport" Herrmann in the play, says to George Seacole: "You are thought to be the most senseless and fit man for Censor of History; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You are to comprehend all British propaganda; you are to burn any book in the Mayor's name; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication. But, though it be not written down, yet remember that I am an ass!" Of a certainty, there must be place for the Historian as Hero; albeit the play in which Shakespeare makes Thompson and Herrmann thus disport themselves is entitled *Much Ado about Nothing.*

"YANKEE IMPERIALISM"

There has been a recrudescence of protests against "Yankee Imperialism" in Latin America, chiefly on the part of European propagandists, whose disinterestedness in the matter is not precisely as impeccable as Caesar's wife should have been; in which the Central American States are held up as "horrible examples" of our wicked oppression. Curiously enough, however, those States themselves do not pose as such victims. We are charged with having burdened them with loans, which apparently we forced them to accept when they did not want them; with controlling their Governments; and with having fraudulently acquired vast monopolies of their resources. It may be so, of course. White may be black. But our impression is that only four American loans have been made to those States, of which two were for refunding old debts at lower rates of interest; that the only American control of government is our administration of the customs service in Nicaragua and Salvador, where American agents are in charge of the revenues which are pledged to British bondholders, in order to afford no pretext for British intervention; that there is not one American monopoly in any of those countries, though there are numerous British monopolies; that there is no indication that any American concession or opening of any kind has been secured fraudulently or in any way im-

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properly; and that in every one of those States there is a strong desire, both official and popular, for more investments of American capital. Moreover,—and we must be permitted to suspect that this fact may perhaps sustain the relation of cause and effect to much of the European anti-American propaganda in those countries,—the United States is now selling to the republics between the Rio Grande and the Strait of Magellan about twenty per cent. of its entire exports, or a hundred million dollars' worth more than Great Britain, France and Germany combined. That is a tremendous fact, significantly contrasting with conditions twenty years ago, when European countries far surpassed us in South American trade. It removes the old reproach, that while we extended our Monroe Doctrine over our southern neighbors, we stood aloof from them in all other respects. It demonstrates that the Pan-American Union is bound together by paramount social and commercial as well as merely political ties. To adapt the words of Patrick Henry, if that be Yankee Imperialism, make the most of it!

VOX, ET PRÆTEREA NONNIHIL

Tennyson, on that memorable Third of February, 1852, spoke of "the one voice in Europe"; and we might, in retrospect, borrow and adapt his phrase; describing Maximilian Harden as having once been the one voice in Germany. He was the one voice that, both daring and enduring persecution and imprisonment and danger of death, courageously spoke the truth about Hohenzollernism. There was no man more loyal than he to all that was truest and best in Germany; and no publicist of his time more entitled to long and grateful remembrance by the Reich.

NO SECTIONALISM IN WOE

A few years ago California was devastated by earthquake shocks. A few months ago the Mississippi Valley was desolated by unexampled floods. A few weeks ago New England was deluge-swept as not before within the memory of man. West, Centre, East, all parts of the country are alike subject to the scourging of inclement Nature, so that all are alike concerned in

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the common task of succor, rehabilitation, and such protection as it may be within the power of man to provide.

CONCEPTIONS OF CULTURE

Three college Presidents, recently installed, made inaugural addresses of far more than conventional significance; denoting, in different yet harmonious phases, a spirit in higher education which is to be welcomed, which must be reckoned with, and which should receive sympathetic and substantial support.

Dr. Ernest Hatch Wilkins, an Amherst man, at Oberlin emphasized the too often neglected truism that a teacher's prime duty is to teach. "What shall it profit a college," he demanded, "to add to its teaching staff a man who has a fine voice, is a natural 'mixer', plays golf in the eighties, is a tireless and efficient committeeman, a productive scholar, an idealist in life and work—and cannot teach?"

Dr. Arthur Stanley Pease, a Harvard man, at Amherst practically continued the same line of thought by dwelling upon the three chief aims of teaching, or of liberal education, to wit: The successful practice of one's calling; the profitable use of leisure; and helpfulness to the community. With those aims, and with the order in which Dr. Pease ranked them, there will be general agreement among thoughtful men.

Dr. Roscoe Wilfred Thatcher, a Nebraska man, at the Massachusetts Agricultural College provided a worthy third to these utterances when he declared that "The development of profound scholarship is secondary to education for citizenship." For in America, at least, the first and third of Dr. Pease's aims of liberal education essentially and necessitously imply that the teachers shall teach, in the words of the University of Japan, all things that are necessary for the welfare of the State.

It was an auspicious thing that within the space of a few days these inspiring voices were heard in the educational world.

STANDARDS OF SPEECH

There is a poignant truth in the observation of *The Spectator* of London, that "We need a standard for English, just as we need

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a standard for money." People too generally fail to realize or to remember that speech is the essential vehicle of thought, in both conception and expression. Without an accurate use of language there can be neither clear thinking nor convincing speech. The use of words in their right meanings is comparable in importance with the use of numerals in their right values. A large proportion of the lawsuits, quarrels, disputes and controversies, among individuals and among nations, must be attributed directly to the misuse of language. Much ridicule has been foolishly cast upon the French Academy, for its studious deliberation in the work of supervising the French vocabulary. But just because of that work and that wise guardianship of the language, France has an advantage over every other nation in the world.

PAN-AMERICA IN CUBA

The forthcoming Congress of the Pan-American Union at Havana will be noteworthy for three things. One is the presence of President Coolidge, at least at the opening session. This will be the first attendance of a President of the United States at such a gathering, and it will be of altogether benevolent import; though we cannot help apprehending that it will be either stupidly or, more probably, maliciously misinterpreted by some outside of the Union. Another is the place of meeting, a circumstance which will not only be gratifying to the legitimate pride of the Cuban nation but also will finely vindicate its status as an independent sovereignty. The third is the amazing attempt of the League of Nations to intrude itself into a gathering to which it is not invited, in which it is not wanted, and in which its presence would be incongruous to little short of an offensive degree. We should hesitate to say whether its effort to "butt in" was more a breach of manners or a blunder in diplomacy. Those responsible for the performance should have remembered the example set by the League's predecessor, the Holy Alliance, in expecting other Powers to wait until they were invited to join it. Perhaps, however, it is well that this strange *méprise* occurred. It may help to define more clearly the relationship, or lack of relationship, between the Union and the League, and even teach the somewhat

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bumptious junior body a useful lesson. However that may be, and without "expecting all things in an hour", we shall not be surprised if the Congress at Havana not only surpasses, in beneficence to its members and through them to the whole world, any of the League meetings at Geneva, but also proves to be the most interesting and valuable that the Pan-American Union has ever held.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FLEETS

Armistice Day was marked in England with several important utterances by leading statesmen and in the press, regretting the failure of the Geneva Conference and deploring naval rivalry between Great Britain and America. We must hope that these represented the dominant trend of British sentiment. For, while we should not dispute Tennyson's dictum that "The fleet of England is her all-in-all", nor wish to see the strength of that fleet reduced below the needs of the Empire, we may point out that a most significant change in the naval status of the world has occurred since the early years of the century. Then, three European fleets potentially menaced British sea power. But they do so no longer. One, formidable only in combination with some other, was disposed of by Admiral Togo at Tsu Shima. The second, really formidable in itself, met its end at the Falklands and in Scapa Flow. The third, that of France, has definitely retired from competition. Outside of Europe, Japan refrains by far from attempting to rival "the might of England". Remains, therefore, in all the world, America alone to be reckoned with; and—since 1859 on the Pei-Ho and 1898 at Manila—we simply refuse to believe that any responsible British statesman or thoughtful British citizen regards the British and American fleets as possible antagonists. It is for these two nations, therefore, to gauge their respective naval strengths with an eye not so much to each other as to the rest of the world.

TAX-EXEMPT SECURITIES

The suggestion by Mr. Mills, the Under Secretary of the Treasury, that Government bonds should be exempted from

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income surtax, is eminently logical and practical; provided that the widespread system of issuing tax-free securities is to be continued. But there is reason for wishing that that system might be abolished as unsound, especially in its present over-inflated condition. That billions of invested capital should be exempted from taxation seems inequitable and potentially mischievous. But it is axiomatic that the whole is greater than any of its parts. If the States and minor subdivisions of the Nation are privileged to issue tax-exempt securities, certainly the Federal Government itself can do the same. And perhaps its doing so would have the salutary effect of discouraging States and municipalities into abating the practice.

PHILIPPINE SECESSION TALK

Renewed demands are being made by some Filipino politicians for the secession of those islands from the United States, while at the same time other leaders, no less authoritative and representative, are urging that "there is no valid reason why the economic development of the Philippines (by American capital) should not now be undertaken on an extensive scale." The two utterances conflict; the former supplying the reason for non-development which the latter ignores. Beyond doubt there is opportunity for vast investments of American capital in the islands, for the very great good of the Filipino people as well as for the profit of the investors. But it would be midsummer madness to expect them to be made so long as there is any doubt as to the permanent political status of the archipelago. Americans will not invest their millions in the islands while there is danger of their presently being cast adrift as derelicts, ultimately to be salvaged and seized by some alien Power. There could be no stronger deterrent against the economic development which is so greatly desired and needed than the current propaganda of secession.

CEREBRAL CANDIDATES

The Russian project of a "Brain Museum", in which the cerebra of noted men will be dissected and exhibited, under glass,

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seems to meet with opposition on the part of the relatives of Leo Tolstoi and others, who object to having the tombs and corpses of their illustrious kinsmen thus despoiled. With that sentiment we must sympathize; and it must also be realized that brains which have long lain in the tomb without special preservative treatment must be in a more or less decayed condition, so as not fairly to show what they were in life. These circumstances should not, however, defeat or discourage the interesting project. There are many Russians of prominence whose cerebral organs might, to the great edification and profit of the public, be dissected, analyzed and displayed in glass cases. Such exhibition of Messrs. Stalin, Tchitcherin, Krassin, Trotzky and a score of their compeers could not fail to command most favorable attention.

GENDER IN WASTE

A rash and reckless male statistician estimates that the women —or rather just the wives—of this country waste outright $700,000,000 a year, in carelessness in domestic administration. That may be. But we tremble to think what some woman statistician may presently report concerning the wastefulness of the men folk.

A PENALTY OF PROGRESS

Much scientific attention is being given to the very serious problem of dealing with carbon monoxide gas, which is rapidly becoming a grave menace to life. It is copiously emitted by every automobile or other engine using gasoline as fuel. It has no odor and thus gives no warning of its presence, but it is capable of causing sudden death when inhaled, and even when not thus fatal it has a disastrous effect upon the heart. Numerous cases of death occur, caused by letting automobile engines run in closed garages, and it is believed by many thoughtful observers that the ominous increase in the number of heart patients and deaths from heart disease is due to the inhalation of the gas on streets that are thronged with motor vehicles. On such streets, on days when

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there is no wind and the air is stagnant, the atmosphere must be charged with this gas almost to a lethal extent. Carbon monoxide is one of the pernicious by-products of one of the most useful of modern inventions. It is a heavy penalty of progress, which it behooves inventors to get rid of with the same ingenuity which has been displayed in the invention and perfecting of the machines which generate it.

OLD DAYS IN RAILROADING

The railroad centenary brings to mind the fact that much less than a hundred years ago an Ohio school board refused the use of the schoolhouse for a lecture on railroads, on the ground that there could be no such thing as a railroad, and if there were, it must be a wicked, sacrilegious and blasphemous thing, since there was no warrant for it in Holy Writ. At a much later date, within the memory of men now living, one of the foremost railroad presidents of America declared that he would never countenance the heating of cars with steam, because of the awful danger of the passengers all being scalded to death in case of an accident which might break some of the steam pipes.

FALLACIES OF PRIMOGENITURE

Careful researches in Massachusetts seem to indicate that not the last but rather the first born child in a family is in danger of being a weakling. Without offense, perhaps that explains why so many of the ablest men in Great Britain have been "younger sons", while according to the satirical librettist of *Iolanthe* the first born House of Lords "did nothing in particular, and did it very well".

NO ALIEN STATEHOOD

The requests—scarcely amounting to agitation—for increased and improved autonomy for Porto Rico are not unreasonable, and will doubtless receive due attention. The suggestion which a few have made, of Statehood in this Union, is not, however, to be countenanced; any more than the similar one that has been made in behalf of Hawaii. That question was thoroughly

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threshed out nearly three-quarters of a century ago, by a very high authority, and received an answer which should be permanent. In 1854 the Hawaiian Government negotiated with the United States a treaty annexing those islands to this country, forty-four years in advance of the actual achievement of that transaction. The President of the United States at that time was Franklin Pierce, and the Secretary of State was the distinguished William L. Marcy. Neither of them was at all averse to expansion of United States territory, and the latter was a particularly stalwart and aggressive patriot, who in our time would doubtless be called a Jingo. But on receiving the signed text of the treaty, they refused to submit it to the Senate for its "advice and consent". Why? Because, among other things, it provided for ultimate Statehood for the islands; and Marcy wisely and resolutely held that the Constitutional United States should forever be strictly confined to contiguous territory on the North American Continent, and that all detached and insular possessions should be held in a Territorial status. He interpreted the Preamble to the Constitution literally in its description of that document as a "Constitution *for* the United States of *America*" and not "for the United States of America, Asia, Africa and the Islands of the Sea". That principle is as sound and as necessary today as it was when he enunciated it. Of course we could and should give all our Territories, according to their capacity, the fullest possible measure of self-government, even equal to that which the States enjoy; denying them only a share in the government of ourselves. To say that we cannot do that would be stultifying to the inheritors of the Revolution. It would be to say that we ourselves had not learned the lesson in territorial government which our ancestors taught George III a century and a half ago.

SOMEBODY STARTED THE WAR

French resentment of the persistent propaganda for exculpation of Germany from all responsibility for the World War is quite natural, though it may be somewhat exaggerated in regarding it as a menace to European peace. We do not expect that there will ever be universal agreement upon the subject; but neither

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do we expect that the vast preponderance of the world's deliberate and informed opinion concerning it will ever be changed. If we were to credit all that is being said on all sides, we should be compelled to conclude that the war was not started at all but, like Topsy, "jest growed".

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE ILL

"Just a common cold," or a "bilious attack," or maybe "a touch of the 'flu'," and in consequence one is "laid up" for a few days. Then of course there are some more serious illnesses, incapacitating the patient for a longer time. But on the whole the overwhelming majority of the people keep tolerably well and are able to work or attend to business every day. And the doctors' bills do not amount to as much as the theatre tickets. Is it so? Let us look at the concrete facts. According to careful estimates made by the insurance department of the United States Chamber of Commerce the total loss to the people of the United States through illness is at least two billion dollars a year. That is approximately one-tenth of the entire national debt. How much of this loss is reasonably preventable is not so certainly calculated, though at least fifty per cent. would seem to be a moderate figure. Indeed what can be effected by a systematic and scientific campaign for health is impressively shown in the case of that "white plague" once supremely dreaded but now generally relegated to a place among the minor ailments. Those who every Christmas time have wondered whether anything much was really being accomplished through the "Red Cross seals" will be interested to know that through that and other agencies to the same end the pecuniary loss to the country from tuberculosis has since the beginning of this century been diminished by $1,200,000,000 a year. Surely, from the most practical point of view of dollars and cents, there is no more profitable investment than that in ways and means for protecting and promoting the health of the people; while as for the gain thus effected in the relief of suffering, the avoidance of anxiety and bereavement, and the increase of happiness, it is simply beyond all computation in material terms.

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THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

UNNUMBERED generations of sophistication and culture have made him what he is today. Courteous, restrained, politely considerate of guests, he is—every inch of his stubby stature—a canine gentleman. Back of those recorded generations there were doubtless others, when his ancestor's manners were not all they might be; but so far as that goes, any West Highland manners in that far off day might not bear close scrutiny. And back of those generations—but imagination fails. What has a grave and dignified West Highland terrier, so short of leg that his stomach scarcely clears the ground, canny-eyed, bewhiskered—what has he in common with wolf packs or the wild dogs of the Steppes?

It is of Dundee that I write, with such prejudice as may be forgiven a devoted human friend. He has no special accomplishments to boast of, as dog tricks go. Whatever he can do he taught himself or knew instinctively, and many are his wise ways; but they do not set him apart from other dogs. As for weaknesses, they are those of a gentleman of his kind. A belligerent growl now and then; a trace of jealousy; and a pretty taste in cats, though he recalls some other engagement if they turn upon him. Once he pursued a skunk; but never again. He is punctilious about routine, save on bath day. And one thing more must be recorded of his puppy days: a shame-faced response to the strains of a mouth-organ.

This is not a rare trait among dogs. I have known some to howl at a violin when it hits a certain note. But with Dundee the harmonica would do the business. When he heard it he sang, and though there was a look of pain upon his face he would follow, and sing. I have seen singing men with that look on their faces.

"Does the sound give him pleasure?" I asked a friend wise as to the psychology of animals.

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"Perhaps neither pleasure nor pain," was the answer. "Just an involuntary reaction, a racial recollection of the pack."

Dundee and the primitive pack! a ridiculous thought.

But with the broadening effects of travel, even that weakness lies behind him. For Dundee is now a middle-aged and blasé traveler. He has visited museums, licked at mountain snow in July, glanced casually through cliff dwellings, and sniffed in mild amusement at an Indian dance. Have I given you a fair impression of him? Then let me come at once to the event.

Our car was picking its troubled way through the sagebrush. It was late afternoon, and the world spread out in every direction like a vast saucer rimmed by purple and deep blue mesas. The sun blazed down hotly even at such an angle, and the heat echoed back from the chaparral beneath our tires. The silence was profound, and the clear desert air made remote objects seem close at hand. Seemingly just ahead loomed Ship Rock, that uncanny giant outpost that the Navajos have ever regarded as supernatural and that no man has climbed. Roads, if one might call them such, had beckoned us until each dwindled to mere wheel tracks and at last died at the edge of some deep arroyo.

The dark comes swiftly in those parts, so at last we camped. It was an easy process. There was no fear of rain, so we simply stopped where we were and got out the blankets and the sterno and the frying pan. Dry soapweed made a fire for cheer rather than heat. Dundee descended from the rear seat and consented to examine such small holes as invited attention within a comfortable range. Abandoned prairie-dog dwellings; snakes, perhaps, he muttered; and sat down within smelling distance of the bacon.

Then darkness fell. The silence was a tangible thing. The thin moon sank behind the saucer's rim and the stars lighted our world only enough to help us see the dark. Faintly, from an infinite distance, came broken bits of sound. Then they pieced themselves together, and became the eerie, taunting laughter of coyotes; one or a dozen, who could tell? We listened, and suddenly from just outside the wall of darkness that hemmed us there came a sharper, weirder wail, that rose and fell, and rose and fell. For two seconds fear gripped us. Then the astonishing truth

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cleared my mind. I rose and crept beyond our firelight. There by a sage bush in the midst of the desert sat a small white form, lonely, facing the far off pack. With his little whiskered muzzle raised toward the stars, Dundee was answering the call in a voice that we, his life long friends, had never heard before. Plaintively, but with a note of ecstasy, he sang, and I crept back, respecting his great moment. But he heard my step and the song stopped.

It was a quiet little dog, with generations of culture behind him, who sat down near the bacon, and waited politely. Curiously I regarded him, but asked no questions. Between gentlemen some matters are not mentioned. I, too, have known moments—

* * *

There's a long stretch of country between New England and New Mexico. Yet the mental machinery of my old friend the Deacon back in his Massachusetts hills finds its counterpart among many chance acquaintances of the sage and cactus country. I think this mental kinship grows out of hard work with recurrent crops, and young stock, and plenty of landscape. Such outdoor philosophers view themselves and their fellow humans in a peculiar perspective.

A certain Navajo Indian fills my thought as I write this: a sturdy upstanding man, past middle age, with pleasant wrinkles about his eyes, a direct gaze, and a quietness of speech in perfect English that hinted of college training sometime and somewhere. He was one of a thousand or more who were seated on the ground after midnight in a vast circle, watching a medicine dance. From where I sat, well forward, the firelight revealed row behind row of dark faces and eyes with that same direct and steady gaze. Groups of dancers had come and gone with their singing and symbolic gyrations; and all the time from the distant hut where the sick lay, I could hear the monotonous drumming and the wailing chant of the medicine men.

Between two of the dances this Navajo and I warmed ourselves by the fire, and he told me something of the meaning of the songs, and of the great sum of money it had cost these two sick people to employ so much medicine. About five hundred dollars apiece,

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he said they had spent, to engage the dancers, and feed the multitude, and bring good medicine men from a distance.

"What happens to a sick Indian who hasn't money enough to buy all this doctoring?" I asked.

"Oh, perhaps he gets well," said the Navajo, gravely.

I looked at him sharply, and he returned my gaze.

"You don't believe in this sort of thing yourself," I said.

"Do you go to church?" he asked me.

"Sometimes."

"Do you say a creed or something?"

"Part of it."

"Do you believe just what the words say?"

"I think not," I admitted.

"But you don't want to take a chance," said the Navajo. He had answered my question, and that was all of that.

* * *

A few years ago, back on his New England farm, the Deacon had said to me: "Many a man is not only willing, he's really anxious, to have his wife go regularly to any sort of church. He has a kind of unworded feeling that in case her system of theology happened to be the right one, then there's one member of the family O. K. Besides, it comes natural to any nice man to carry his claim on the future in his wife's name."

"A lot of men go to church with their wives," I had suggested.

"Sure enough," said the Deacon. "But which one of 'em chose the church?

"No," he added, reflectively, "not many men do as much thinking when they choose a church as when they decide between the Rotary and the Kiwanis. And they'd rather not join any church that compels ratiocination! When something exciting happens that sets people to thinking inside a church, the membership falls off. Probably the Dayton trial produced a good deal of shifting in church memberships here and there.

"Every little while I read about some observer of American life who gets surprised at the low average of national intelligence on religious and political questions. He seems to forget that the citizen who uses half of his mind to think with is no more intelligent than the citizen with a half-sized mind."

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"When the Government was sending out so much propaganda in war time," I argued, "the United States Chamber of Commerce put a committee to work on the matter and pointed out that advertising for our general public should be aimed at fourteen-year-old minds."

"That's all right," said the Deacon, "but it doesn't really prove that we're a nation of morons. Of course there are a lot of fourteen-year-old minds in these United States, and then there are a lot of twenty-eight-year-old people who use only half of their minds when they read, just because they are in a hurry, or half thinking about something else. American voters study politics like fourteen-year-olds, because they don't give their whole minds to it. They listen to political speeches addressed to fourteen-year-olds, and get swayed by party slogans planned for fourteen-year-olds. It's a habit with us now, and we keep on acting that way, giving half-an-intelligence to politics until something arouses us enough to get all our attention. In fact we distrust the politician who reasons with us as if we were adults. We call him a highbrow reformer."

"But how about Hylan and Mayor Thompson and such officials? Aren't they an indictment of our majority intelligence?"

"The voters of Chicago got a Mayor they deserve," answered the Deacon earnestly; "but when I say that, I don't mean a majority of Chicago voters know as little as he does. Maybe twenty-five percent. of 'em don't know any more than that; and fifty percent. of 'em used only half of their minds when they voted, and that brought 'em down to the same intellectual level. They have to get a man like Mayor Thompson once in a while just to jiggle the other half of their brains out of an atrophied state.

"The discomfort that the average intelligent citizen of Chicago is now experiencing is just like the prickly sensation you get when some cramped part of you begins to wake up."

"Do you suppose His Honor the Mayor believes that there really is any British propaganda?"

"How can I tell what he believes? You can go through the motions of believing if you think it will cause a lot of fellow believers to rally round you and vote your way. Of course, the

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problem that must bother a man like that is to figure out what set of beliefs will rally the largest number of voting believers. He's got to try a lot of experiments, and then spend quite some time figuring, because figuring is a mental process."

"But British propaganda—that sounds to me like going back one hundred years for an issue."

"Well, why not? we've got the habit of looking to the Past for issues. New issues compel thought. He has had an example set him by a lot of witch-hunters straight out of Salem, Mass., sitting in the New York Assembly and the California legislature, looking for Radicals making black magic; and he's seen Bolsheviki with divining rods looking for capitalists, and eminent city parsons going around with a Bible trying to find colleagues who don't believe in Jonah; so he gets the idea that the big thing for him to do in the way of a political campaign is not to dig up some scandal in office, but to spring a more modern kind of attack, something to do with the human mind rather than with material things like concealed weapons or bootleg whisky. He doesn't know much about the human mind, but he takes a chance.

"I don't know if we ought to be so much stirred up about Chicago," the Deacon added as he filled his pipe. "It might be that the Mayor's campaign will make a lot of Chicagoans read the books in their own public library. But you'll notice it doesn't make the Mayor read any. He appoints somebody to do that for him."

* * *

Here is a letter from the southwest addressed to this department. You are welcome, Judge! Lay aside your robe, sit down, and have a cracker.

Judge's Chambers, Sixth Judicial Dist.
Durango, Colo.

"*The Cracker Barrel Philosopher*" initiated by you in the October number comes as an awakening challenge. Inevitably, it sounds beyond the village store, the "Discussion Club", the "Philosophical Society"—beyond all organizations and all meeting places. It challenges the individual anywhere and everywhere; it even reaches my camp-fire in these far-off western mountains.

At first I am appalled at the notion of attempting to discuss any phase of philosophy when I hold no sort of degree or credit in that erudite branch of book-learning. Then, as I meditate further and see a little more deeply, I

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realize that you are building broader than books upon a foundation deeper than ancient doctrines.

Every man, whether he so aspires or not, is in truth a philosopher; holding in his mind an appraisal of the universe and a theory of life; summarizing and correlating (what to him is) all knowledge and all truth; living his life and shaping his own nature in accord with that philosophy.

It bothered me for a time that this personal philosophy of the individual is so contradictory, so unsystematized—a mere crazy-quilt of beliefs and doubts and fears and half-truths and superstitions. Then I began to realize that even the most conscientious follower of the most systematic book-philosophy must either suppress and reject all other lines of human thought and activity except his abstract philosophy,—or he too gravitates to the same position as that of the ordinary person; for his principles of business, his religion, his politics, his beliefs concerning history, science, human nature; his practical everyday experiences;—all that he knows, all that he believes, all that he assumes or accepts as true—must modify, extend, contradict, or perhaps completely destroy, his book-philosophy. His aggregate of beliefs may well be as much of a crazy-quilt as are the beliefs of the uneducated one.

So it seems to me that each man is in truth a philosopher—whether he so wills it or not—and, in his own way and according to his own lights, is appraising, correlating, unconsciously settling into a system, what to him is all the truth of the universe. The unfortunate thing about it is that the great majority of us accept as truth, on the mere assertion of others, a mass of unsustained and unsustainable theories and doctrines; thus corrupting our personal philosophy of life, lowering our appraisal of the universe, subtracting from our happiness of existence.

With best wishes,

Yours truly,

W. N. Searcy.

* * *

And here is another from Brooklyn, who wishes to widen our circle. We don't know just what he means, but he's entitled to a hearing, because there might be times when he wouldn't know just what we meant.

Editor of Cracker Barrel:

A condition such as the Scriptural Babble of Tongues is as nothing to the thoughts, the acts, the experiences of the man—any man—who has even half conscientiously tried for a week or less to *speak, see, hear, no evil.* Before giving *your* version, try it, Brother, try it! And I'd probably enjoy your report.

Shaw Trimes.

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IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

JOHN ADAMS, *author of the famous prescription of "a Government of Laws, not of Men," was by no means satisfied with the Constitution as adopted, as he made clear in a letter to Dr.* RICHARD PRICE, *of London, in 1790, printed in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1816:*

"For eminence" I care nothing.—For though I pretend not to be exempt from ambition, or any other human passion, I have been convinced from my infancy, and have been confirmed every year and day of my life, that the mechanic and peasant are happier than any nobleman or magistrate or king; and that the higher a man rises, if he has any sense of duty, the more anxious he must be. Our new Government is a new attempt to divide a Sovereignty. A fresh essay at *Imperium in Imperio.* It cannot therefore be expected to be very stable or very firm. It will prevent us for a time from drawing our swords upon each other; and when it will do that no longer, we must call a Convention to reform it. The difficulty of bringing millions to agree in any measures, to act by any rule, can never be conceived by him who has not tried it. It is incredible how small is the number in any nation of those, who comprehend any system of Constitution, or Administration; and these few it is wholly impossible to unite.

Some traditional characteristics of social intercourse in England were portrayed by WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *in reviewing a book of travels, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1816:*

At a coffee-house it will often happen that two persons, gentlemen at least in appearance, may dine at the same table, each his separate dinner, drink their bottle each, and rise without ever saying a word to each other. This could happen in no other country in the world. A foreigner requires practice to assume these habits, but after a few twitches of the nerves, which his experience may cost him, he adapts himself to the manners he finds. Indeed it may be taken as a general truth, we speak now of society in London and the watering places, that every Englishman is suspicious of one of two things in his meeting

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with every face he does not know; either that his rank or his pocket will suffer, and this suspicion produces a universal tone of negative defiance. Of course this feeling often shown from inferiours to superiours, without their knowing them to be so, is fruitful of ridiculous situations.

Under this head we may relate an anecdote which, though rather a peculiar case, yet is characteristick of much of fashionable life. A gentleman was invited by a lady to an evening party; he went, paid his compliments to her, was introduced to no one, knew no person in the room, and of course was very soon completely abandoned to himself. He after a time entered into a conversation with a gentleman standing rather solitary by the fire place. He enquired of him the names of several persons, to all of which he received a similar though polite answer, that he did not know them. The other then told him, Sir, you seem to be in the same situation with myself. As it is somewhat dull here, suppose we should go to a coffee-house together and take a bottle of wine to get rid of the evening. The other remarked that he should be very happy to accept his proposal, but if he went out, it might be observed and appear strange, as it was—his own house!

The first exhibition of a painting which has long been familiar to Americans was commented upon in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *in its first number, for May, 1815; the artist being a kinsman of the late* JOHN SINGER SARGENT:

An historical painting by Col. H. Sargent has been for some weeks exhibited to the publick. The dimensions are about twenty feet by ten. The subject, *The Landing of the Fathers*, of New England, at Plymouth. One of the first points to constitute a valuable picture is a good subject. The artist has been extremely fortunate. It has never before been painted, at least, in an important manner. Independently of the powerful interest that belongs to it, from the consequences that have followed the enterprise of those heroick men; all the circumstances are picturesque. When we consider the character, the impulse, the intentions of the colonists, the season, the scenery, and the savages who attended their landing, there is a harmony, a kind of *moral keeping* in the circumstances of the event, that makes it admirably suited to painting. The artist has treated his subject with great ability. The small band of virtuous men, who were destined to be the founders of a great state, are here represented landing on the rocks of Plymouth in the month of December; the aspect of the coast, and the severity of the season, presenting an appearance as stern and severe, as their own principles and resolution . . . The picture is not without faults, but it has great merits, and the publick and the painter may both be congratulated on this exhibition. It is to be hoped that the applause of the former will encourage the latter to repeat his efforts.

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That the VAN LOON *method of writing history was practised more than a century ago is attested by some quotations from "Biographie Moderne" (Breslau, 1806) in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1815; of which* ENOCH HALE, *commenting upon them, said, as might be said of similar works in our own time: "These blunders are too stupid to be wilful, and yet they are almost too extravagant to be fortuitous":*

Hamilton, a major in the service of the United States of America. He was arrested early in December, 1793, by order of Congress, who ordered that he should be tried as guilty of high treason, for having accepted from Genet, envoy of France, a commission to raise 5000 men in the United States destined to serve the French against England. In 1792 a decree of the National Assembly conferred upon him the title of French citizen. In 1804 he was killed in a duel by colonel Burr.

Jay, (J.) of Sainte-Foix, administrator of the Gironde, deputy of that department to the legislature, and afterwards to the National Convention, voted for the death of Louis XVI. Opposed to the party of the Gironde, he prolonged after the 31st of May the powers of the committee of publick safety; was elected secretary, presided over the Jacobins in January, 1794, and a month before the 9th of Thermidor, year 2, he gave to the Convention the details of the arrestation and death of Guadet, Salles and Barbaroux. In December, 1794, he concluded and signed with Lord Grenville, at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs, a treaty of commerce and navigation between England and the United States of America. The French party burnt his effigy at Philadelphia, and exhaled its hatred against this negotiator, who had shown himself so favorable to the interests of England.

WILLIAM CHANNING, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for November, 1815, attributed the literary delinquency of America partly to the habit of writing for merely ephemeral publications:*

Our best writers have been unfortunate in the vehicles they have chosen as depositories of their intellectual productions. These depositories have been chiefly newspapers and pamphlets of various kinds. Now there is something ephemeral and temporary, in the very nature of these publications. Hence their contents are not safe. A man who writes in them does not think of writing for immortality. His mental labour of course soon is over, and almost of course, badly done. If it turn out that his communication pleases, it excites but a momentary emotion of pleasure, and his successor into the columns fills his place as perfectly and almost as successfully, as the types which were devoted to their several compositions. The literature, farther, of

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newspapers and pamphlets, is almost always controversial literature; and in controversy we are always more interested for the champions of party, than for their writings. Controversy, it must be confessed however, among us has done as much for literature, as controversy has among other nations. It has gratified the passions, the prejudices, the whims of the parties concerned, and when the flame is extinguished, the pamphlets which did so much to support it, repose in their own ashes.

The virtue of conciseness was emphasized by WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1815, in a review of a discourse by* DE WITT CLINTON:

The great art is to abbreviate, polish, and refine, not to accumulate; which may be illustrated by the answer of an eminent person in this vicinity, to one of his parishioners, who complained to him, that his sermons were too long: *I know it*, said he, *but I have not time to make them shorter.*

FRANCIS CALLEY GRAY, *Secretary to* JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, *and President of the Boston Athenæum, for whom Gray's Hall at Harvard was named, thus forecast the Cape Cod Canal in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1817:*

We also looked at the ground, through which it has been proposed to cut a canal seven miles long, connecting Buzzard's Bay with that of Barnstable. It is said that their waters do not stand at the same level; but this inconvenience would be remedied by a lock. More serious objections are, that the navigation of Buzzard's Bay is neither easy nor safe; that the force of the tides and the nature of the soil, which is pure sand, would obstruct the canal, and that in winter, when most needed, because the passage round Cape Cod is then most dangerous, it would be rendered impassable by ice. On the other hand, the advantages to be derived by our capital from such a passage are great and obvious. Even should it admit vessels of the smallest size only, it would induce those, who occupy the shores of the sound, to direct their commerce entirely to Boston, where they would find manners, and a mode of transacting business, more similar to their own than those of New York.

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DEAN ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

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